

★DICK COLE ★EDISON BELL
★DAN'L FLANNEL★THE CADET

SUMMER

ISSUE

10¢

4MOST

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HANDSOME IS AS
HANDSOME DOES

Vol.2. No.3

[illegible]

YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

In the last issue of 4MOST COMICS, the Editors asked for some letters of criticism, or otherwise, from some of you. Well, it's been swell, we've been just flooded with letters and comments from thousands of you that hadn't realized that we wanted to hear from you. If this instance is a good judge, we'll continue to "stick our necks out" every time. It is wonderful to get such a whale of a response and keep 'em rolling in. In one of the letters a reader suggested that Dan'l Flannel go to the Big City, and, lo and behold, when you dig into Dan'l's adventure here, you'll find him in the Big City. Bet that is the quickest work you've seen in a long time.

We have selected some of the letters for publication below and those people shall receive their dollar's worth of War Savings Stamps. We'll publish more of them next time, so keep writing in and airing your views to us, and be sure and buy your share of War Stamps, too.

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS.

Dear Editor:

I have read the "Ye Editor's Page" in Spring 4MOST. I like to read 4MOST very much, and every month I go out to get a copy. In the "Ye Editor's Page" I read that you would send a dollar's worth of War Stamps for every letter that you published.

Well, what I do for the war effort is, I stay after school and help with surgical dressing. Surgical dressing is making bandages for men who get wounded at the front. I also watch children whose mothers go out to war work. I only watch them on Saturdays because of school on week-days. In my school we have a Victory Corp, which means that when you do things for war work, you get marked on that, and at a certain time, you get a pin and hat with insignia on them showing we are inducted in the Victory Corp. I just heard about it a month ago, and I am doing my best to be inducted next time.

Cordially yours,
Eleanor Adams,
Newark, New Jersey.

Sounds like you are doing plenty of war work, Eleanor. That's swell.

* * *

Gentlemen:

I have read the Spring issue of 4MOST COMICS, and I read the "Ye Editor's Page". Well, the only reason why I have not written is because I have nothing to kick about. There are enough people in this world complaining about nothing at all, so why should I be one of them? However, you're asking for ideas, so here's one. I think there

should be a little comedy, or a few gags with a puzzle. A comedy fits in just right with anything. Then, every once in a while have a puzzle or something, and award prizes in War Stamps for the neatest and correct answers. Well, there's my idea. I hope you like it.

I buy War Stamps every week. I mind my Aunt's children while she works on the night shift at a war plant, because her husband works nights, too. Well, I hope I have another idea for the next issue of 4MOST. Please, if I win a dollar, don't send it in War Stamps. I want it to be donated to the Red Cross down here on the island.

Your reader,
Vincent J. Snyder,
West Brighton, S. I.
New York, New York.

Thanks for your good suggestion, Vincent. We'll be glad to get any more you have to offer.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the Spring issue of 4MOST COMICS. It seems as if every issue is better than the last. I have a good sized pile of 4MOST COMICS, for I have not missed one issue. I like it better since you added "Dan'l Flannel". My favorites are "Dick Cole" and "The Cadet", because I am interested in military schools, but I still like the other two strips. If the 4 comic strips that are in 4MOST now stay, I'll be satisfied.

You said in the editorial of the Spring issue that the reason why the readers of 4MOST have not writ-

ten you is because we're so busy earning money to buy War Stamps and Bonds. This is my reason for not writing. I am not only earning money to buy them, but I am also selling them in a department store here in Buffalo on Saturdays. Since last April 11th I have sold \$6,735.60.

I'll be looking for the Summer issue of 4MOST COMICS. Until then, Keep 'em lying.

Yours truly,
Don Ely,
Buffalo, New York.

You must be a super salesman, Don. Keep up the great work.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I read your letter in the 4MOST magazine. I guess the reason for few letters is because of their earning money. I have some pretty good ideas on how you can earn money, so here you are.

!!! Kids:

Are you anxious to earn money? Well, why don't you try selling seeds. If you don't care for that, you can be the outside type and shovel snow or weed gardens.

If you are of the weaker sex and don't care for the hard work, you can get a group of girls together and mind children of an evening or afternoon.

Well, go at them and do your best. You have plenty of chances to earn money.

A reader,
Marie Jones,
Mountainside, New Jersey.

Well, Marie, with all those ideas, our readers will have no excuse not to earn money to buy War Stamps.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO 4MOST COMICS, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

DICK COLE

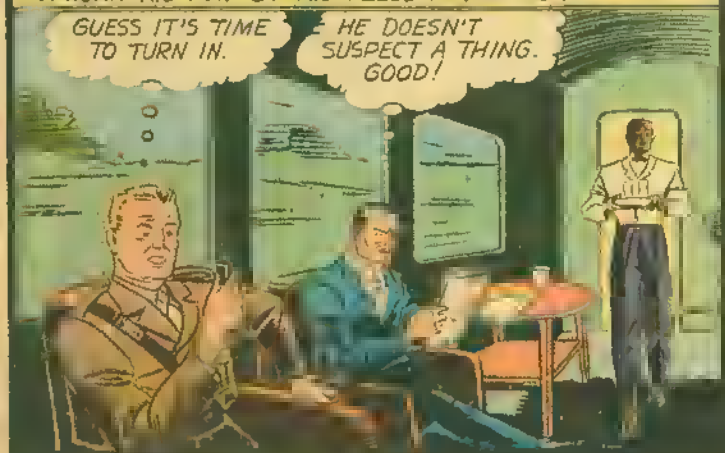
A PROGRAM OF NAZI FEAR AND TREACHERY IS INTRODUCED TO FARR ACADEMY UNDER THE GUISE OF MILITARY TRAINING. DICK AND SIMBA PUT UP A GRAND FIGHT TO SAVE AMERICA'S LEADERS OF TOMORROW!



ABOARD THE SEABOARD EXPRESS, CAPTAIN WILLIAM P. SAGE IS UNAWARE OF THE SLY GLANCE THROWN HIS WAY BY HIS FELLOW PASSENGER.

GUESS IT'S TIME TO TURN IN.

HE DOESN'T SUSPECT A THING. GOOD!



THE PULLMAN BERTHS ARE MADE UP... AND THE CAPTAIN PREPARES TO TURN IN.

HMM... SOUNDS AS IF MY SILENT COMPANION IS ALREADY FAST ASLEEP!

zzzzzz



THE NIGHT WEARS ON... THEN-

HE'S FAST ASLEEP-
SPLENDID!

ZZZZZZ

SILENTLY, THE STRANGER DROPS FROM HIS
BERTH - A KNIFE IN HIS HAND.

THE CORRIDOR'S
DESERTED...

THE KNIFE FLASHES AND
BURIES ITSELF DEEP...

AH! SWIFT- SILENT!...
THAT'S THE WAY IT
SHOULD BE.

AHHRRRR

THE KILLER DRAGS THE BODY
TO THE DOOR OF THE FAST-
MOVING TRAIN...

THERE. NOW CAPTAIN SAGE
WILL BE REBORN.

THE NEXT MORNING...

FARR MILITARY
ACADEMY... MMM!

AT THIS SAME TIME, ON THE
FARR CAMPUS...

HEY, DICK,
WHAT'S THE
RUSH?

BIG DOINGS! TAKE
A LOOK AT THE
BULLETIN BOARD

DOES THAT
INTEREST
YOU?

YOU BET! AND A CERTIFICATE
OF MERIT GOES TO THE OUT-
STANDING COMPANY. YOU'VE
GOT COMPETITION, DICK. I
WANT THAT!

RANGER MILITARY TRAINING

ALL FARR CLASSMEN
LED BY THEIR RESPECTIVE
COMPANY COMMANDER
ARE TO GO THROUGH

TACTICAL RANGER
TRAINING.

THAT'S GOING TO BE MY COMPANY—
YOU HAVEN'T GOT A
CHANCE, DICK!

HERE COMES OUR
COMPETITION.
HELLO, BEAVER!

SO, YOU'VE SEEN
THE NOTICE, EH?
WELL, WHAT DO
YOU THINK?

YOUR COMPANY
HASN'T GOT A
CHANCE!

WE'LL
SEE!

COME, COME,
GENTLEMEN!

WE'D BETTER GET
INTO THE
AUDITORIUM.

THAT BEAVER GUY'S
BEEN PRETTY COCKY
SINCE HE BECAME A
COMPANY COMMANDER!

I'M NOT
WORRIED ABOUT
SIMBA. DICK'S THE ONE
WITH THE BRAINS!

MAJOR FARR EXPLAINS THE NEW TRAINING
PLAN TO THE BOYS.

SINCE THIS COUNTRY IS AT WAR, THE
CADETS AT FARR WILL BE ELIGIBLE, UPON
GRADUATION, FOR OFFICERS' TRAINING
SCHOOL.

THE MANEUVERS
YOU WILL EXECUTE
TOMORROW ARE AN
ACTUAL PART OF THE
Q.T.S. COURSE.

AND NOW, I WANT TO PRESENT
CAPTAIN SAGE, OF THE UNITED
STATES ARMY. CAPTAIN SAGE
WILL SUPERVISE THE
MANEUVERS.

THANK YOU,
MAJOR FARR

EACH COMPANY
COMMANDER WILL
BE GIVEN AN
INSTRUCTION AND
PROGRAM SHEET.
UNOFFICIALLY, YOU
CADETS ARE MEMBERS
OF THE ARMED
FORCES DURING
THE EXERCISES.

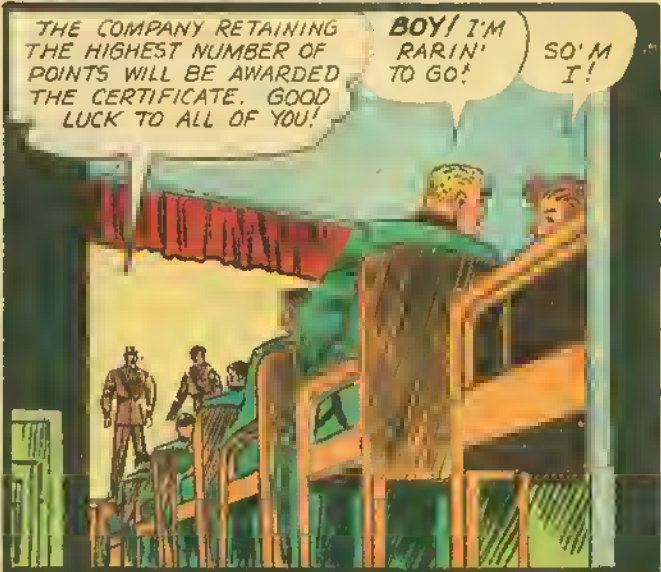
EACH COMPANY WILL BE GRADED BY POINTS, STARTING WITH ONE THOUSAND, AND DEDUCTIONS WILL BE MADE FOR TACTICAL ERRORS!



THE COMPANY RETAINING THE HIGHEST NUMBER OF POINTS WILL BE AWARDED THE CERTIFICATE. GOOD LUCK TO ALL OF YOU!

BOY! I'M RARIN' TO GO!

SO' M I!



LATER... THE STUDENT BODY IS DISMISSED.

TOO BAD WE CAN'T WORK TOGETHER, DICK!

YES, WE'RE BOTH COMPANY COMMANDERS... GIVE ME A GOOD FIGHT, SIMBA!



YOU BET I WILL! WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT BEAVER'S CHANCES?

HAH! ARE YOU WORRIED?



JUST THEN...

NOT A OOF!

ONE SIDE, KARNO!

?



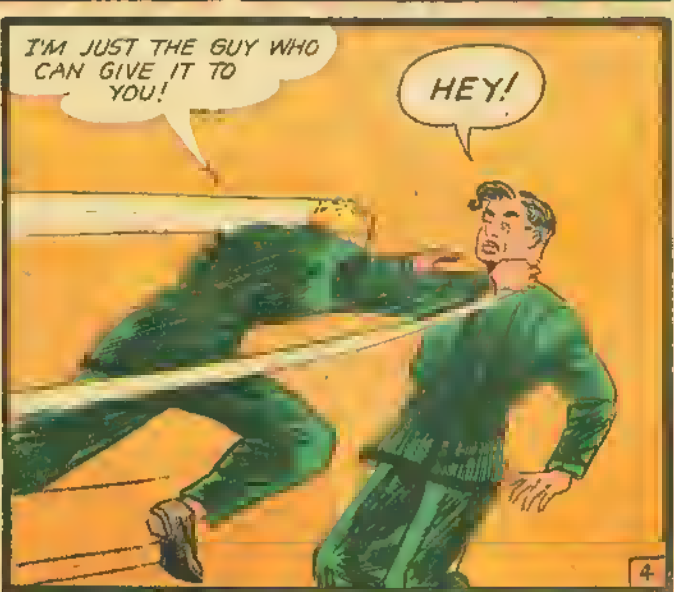
HAH! 'S MATTER? CAN'T YOU STAND UP, KARNO?

IF YOU'RE ASKING FOR TROUBLE...



I'M JUST THE GUY WHO CAN GIVE IT TO YOU!

HEY!



YOU OVER-RATED
PUNK! WHEN
I GET THROUGH
WITH YOU...

GET OFF
ME, YOU
BIG HULK!



HERE, HERE! AREN'T
YOU BOTH COMPANY
COMMANDERS?

OH-OH!
CAPTAIN SAGE!

NOW,
YOU'LL
GET IT!



I'M SORRY, SIR...
IT WAS MY
FAULT!

ARMY OFFICERS
DO **NOT** FIGHT
AMONG THEM-
SELVES, KARND.

YOU
BET
IT WAS!



THOSE TWO
THINK THEY'RE
HOT STUFF!

HMM!



YOU KNOW, BEAVER,
YOU HAVE COURAGE
AND FORESIGHT. I
LIKE TO SEE THAT
IN OFFICER MATERIAL.

THANK
YOU,
SIR!



NOW - WHEN I WAS IN O.T.S.,
I KNEW A FEW GOOD
TRICKS. THEY HELPED
ME TO GET MY FIRST
BARS. SHALL I SHOW
YOU?

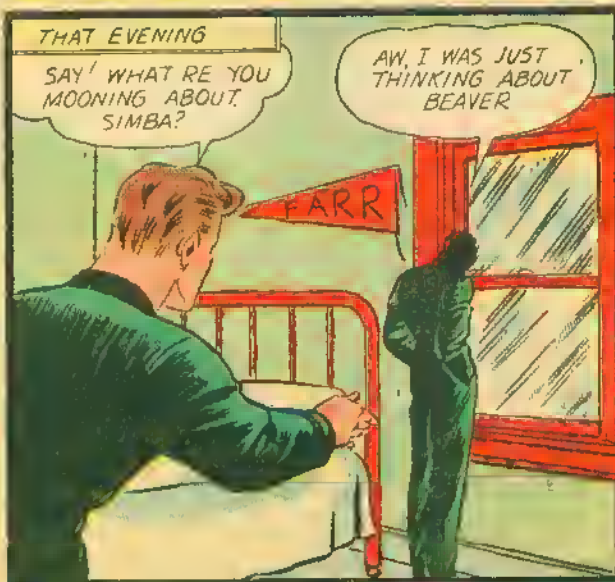
I WISH YOU
WOULD, SIR!



THAT EVENING

SAY! WHAT RE YOU
MOONING ABOUT,
SIMBA?

AW, I WAS JUST
THINKING ABOUT
BEAVER



FORGET HIM! WE'VE
GOT A BIG DAY AHEAD
OF US. YOU'D BETTER
GET SOME SLEEP.

YEAH. I GUESS
YOU'RE RIGHT, DICK.



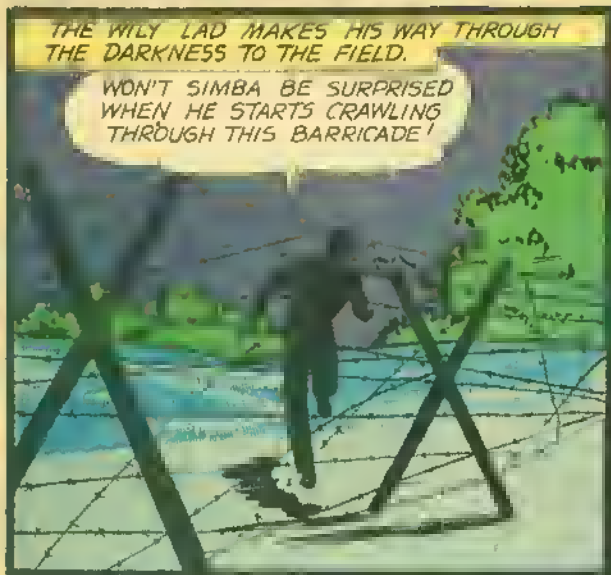
MEANWHILE, BEAVER EDGERTON HAS OTHER PLANS.

THE CAPTAIN'S A REGULAR GUY, ALL RIGHT!



THE WILY LAD MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE DARKNESS TO THE FIELD.

WON'T SIMBA BE SURPRISED WHEN HE STARTS CRAWLING THROUGH THIS BARRICADE!



THERE! THAT'S DONE! NOW, TO GET BACK TO THE BARRACKS.



AT FIVE THIRTY... THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

TO LOOK AT SIMBA SLEEPING, YOU'D NEVER THINK ANYTHING IMPORTANT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN TODAY!

ZZZZZZ
ZZZZ

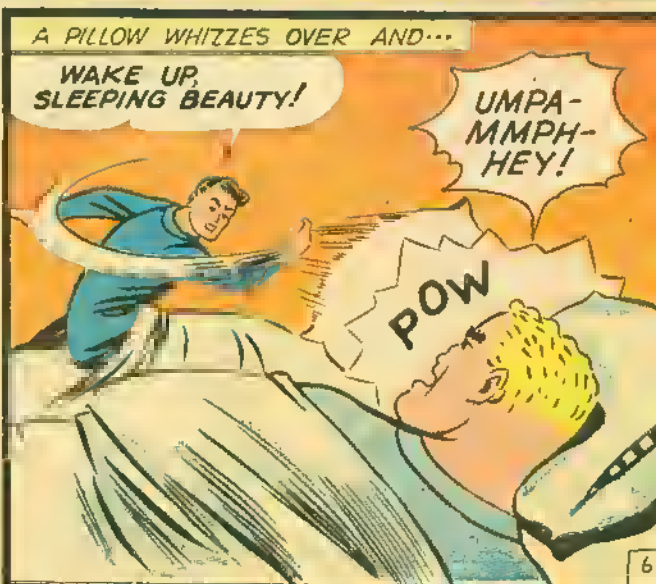


A PILLOW WHIZZES OVER AND...

WAKE UP, SLEEPING BEAUTY!

UMPA-
MMPH-
HEY!

POW





HURRY UP! DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHAT TODAY IS?

GOSH! I'D HATE TO HAVE YOU AS MY C.O.! ALL RIGHT-I'M COMING.



SOME MINUTES LATER...

THERE GOES HIS NIBS!

DON'T WORRY! BEAVER'S ALL RIGHT. COME ON, KID-THERE'S ASSEMBLY CALL!

THE COMPANIES FORM RANKS AND JUBILANTLY MARCH ONTO THE MANEUVER FIELD.

THE BOYS LOOK ESPECIALLY FIT TODAY, CAPTAIN.

YES, MAJOR- "SHIP SHAPE" AS THE NAVY WOULD SAY.



THE FIRST ORDER OF THE DAY...

ALL RIGHT, CADETS! ... TODAY YOU ARE SOLDIERS IN TRAINING. OFFICER SIMBA KARNO AND HIS COMPANY WILL BE THE FIRST GROUP TO RUN THE OBSTACLE COURSE.



YOU ARE IN COMMAND NOW, OFFICER KARNO.

LET'S GO, BOYS!

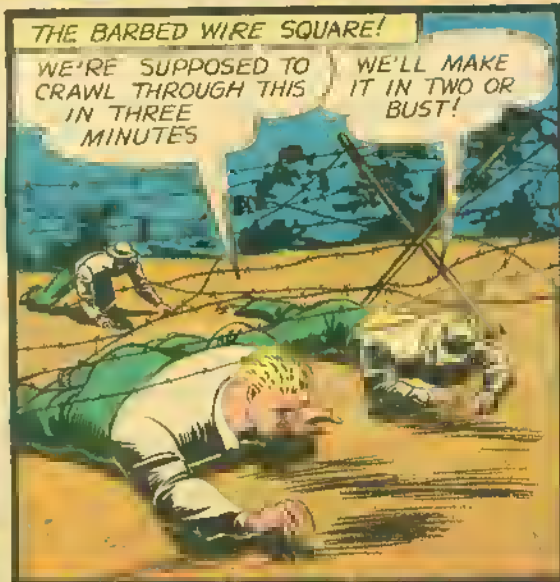
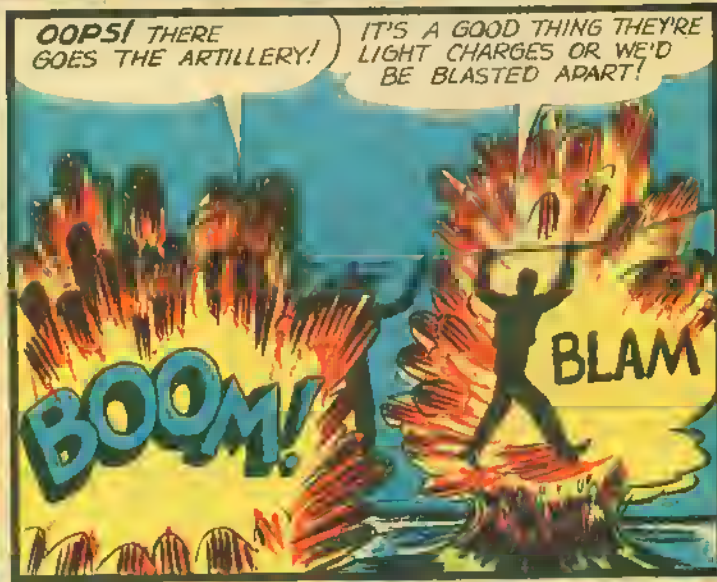
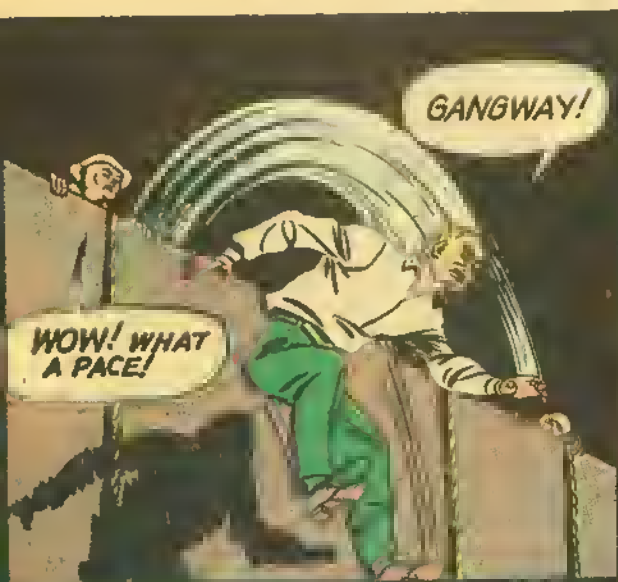
NOTHING'S GOING TO STOP THE SIMBA SQUAD!



A RUNNING DIVE SENDS SIMBA HALF-WAY UP THE FIRST OBSTACLE - A WALL. HE GRABS THE ROPE AND HIS MEN FOLLOW SUIT.

C'MON, YOU ACTION-STARVED COMMANDOS!

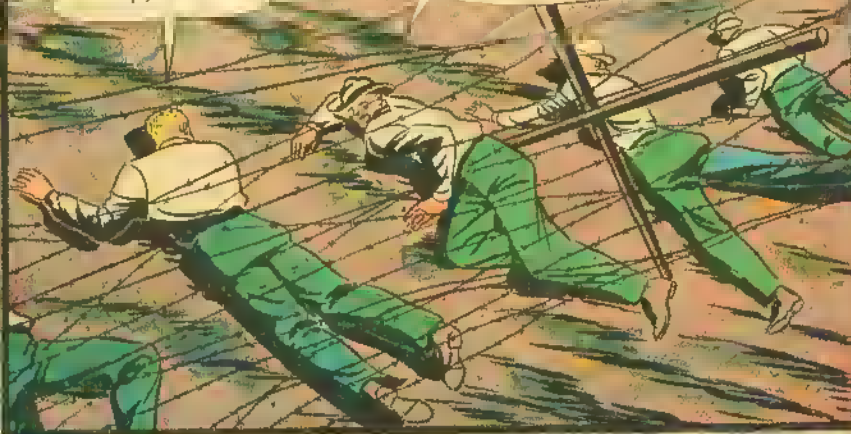
WE'RE RIGHT BEHIND YOU, COMMANDER!



WITH INFINITE CAUTION, SIMBA AND HIS COMPANY START CRAWLING THROUGH.

CAREFUL! ONE SLIP-
AND YOU'LL REGRET
IT!

WHEW! THOSE BARBS
LOOK SHARP!



SLYLY, BEAVER PULLS OUT
A LOOSE PIN IN THE POST.

THEY'RE ALL UNDER! HERE'S
WHERE SIMBA STARTS
LOSING!



SUDDENLY, A BLANKET OF PINS AND NEEDLES DESCENDS
ON THE CADETS!

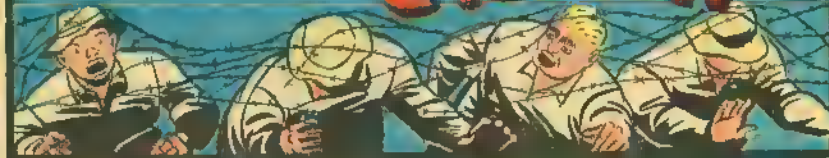
OWW!
WE'RE
TRAPPED!

GOOD GOSH! THE
WIRE CAME DOWN!

OW!

YEOW!

CRASH



DICK SEES THE "ACCIDENT"

THIS IS AWFUL!
BRING THE WIRE
CUTTERS!

WOW! I'D
HATE TO BE
UNDER THAT!



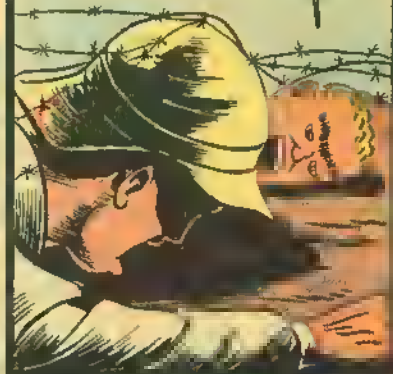
DICK AND HIS CREW GO TO
WORK TO RESCUE THE
TRAPPED BOYS.

STEADY THERE! WE'LL
HAVE YOU OUT IN A
SECOND!



OWW! I
CAN'T STAND
IT! YEOW!

FOR THE
LUVVA
PETE,
DON'T MOVE!



HEY, DICK!
HOW
ABOUT
ME?

COMING! YOU'RE
NOT CUT AS
BADLY AS SOME OF
THOSE OTHER
FELLOWS ARE!



SIMBA IS FREED.

WHEW! WHAT A NIGHTMARE THAT WAS!

WE'VE GOT THEM ALL OUT. HERE COMES CAPTAIN SAGE!

SORRY, SIMBA, BUT YOU LOSE ONE HUNDRED POINTS FOR TAKING YOUR MEN INTO A DANGEROUS AREA. YOU'D BETTER GET FIRST AID.

BUT-AW-YES, SIR!

SHALL WE HAVE THE WIRE FIXED, SIR?

YES, COLE. THEN YOUR MEN WILL RUN THE BARRICADES. TOO BAD ABOUT KARNO!

AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT, SIR. - WE'LL CARRY ON!

LATER THAT DAY...

HI-YA, DICK! HOW DID IT GO?

ALL RIGHT. BEAVER RATES 970 - I HOLD 990 - AND YOUR 100 DEDUCTION GIVES YOU 900.

FUNNY HOW THAT WIRE CAME DOWN! ALL MY MEN SWEAR THEY NEVER TOUCHED IT.

THE ONLY OTHER MAN NEAR THE WIRE WAS BEAVER.

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?

NOW, WAIT! HE WOULDN'T DO A THING LIKE THAT!

THE HECK HE WOULDN'T! COME ON, COLE, M'BOY- WE'RE HAVING A LOOK-SEE AT THOSE WIRES!

JUST TO CONVINCE YOU- ALL RIGHT!

AT THE BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENT...

THIS IS THE POST BEAVER STOOD NEAR.

SAY-THAT PIN THERE!

SIMBA PULLS THE PIN AND...

HOLY GOSH!

THE WHOLE WORKS FELL!

YEP. AND WATCH. BY PULLING THESE POSTS BACK, THE WHOLE BUSINESS IS IN THE ORIGINAL POSITION!

WELL, I'LL BE--!

OFFICERS COLE AND KARNO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

OH!

CAPTAIN SAGE!

ER- NOTHING, SIR. GOOD NIGHT! COME ON, SIMBA- I'M TIRED.

HEY!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DICK? WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL HIM WHAT WE FOUND?

THAT WOULD BE TATTLING, SIMBA. BESIDES, WE'LL USE OTHER TACTICS ON BEAVER!

NOT MUCH LATER- IN BEAVER'S ROOM...

COME IN!

OH-COLE! AND SIMBA!
IS SOMETHING WRONG?
YOU LOOK UPSET



COME WITH US TO THE
INFIRMARY, BEAVER.
THERE'S SOMETHING
WE WANT YOU
TO SEE!

HUH! YOU
AREN'T TAKING
ME ANY PLACE...



LOOK, BEAVER! YOU'RE
COMING- AND NO
NONSENSE!

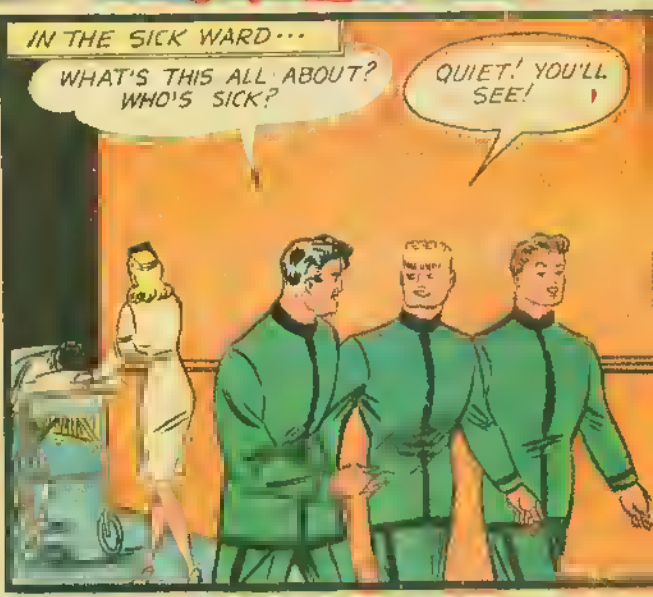
ALL RIGHT!
ALL RIGHT!



IN THE SICK WARD...

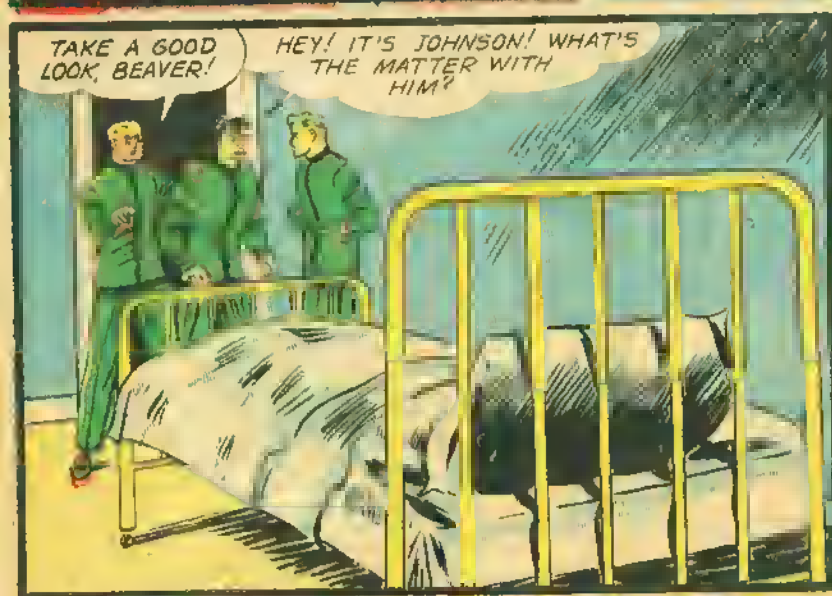
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
WHO'S SICK?

QUIET! YOU'LL
SEE!



TAKE A GOOD
LOOK, BEAVER!

HEY! IT'S JOHNSON! WHAT'S
THE MATTER WITH
HIM?



IT'S BLOOD POISONING,
BEAVER - FROM THOSE
BARBS. CADET JOHNSON
IS IN A SERIOUS CONDITION!

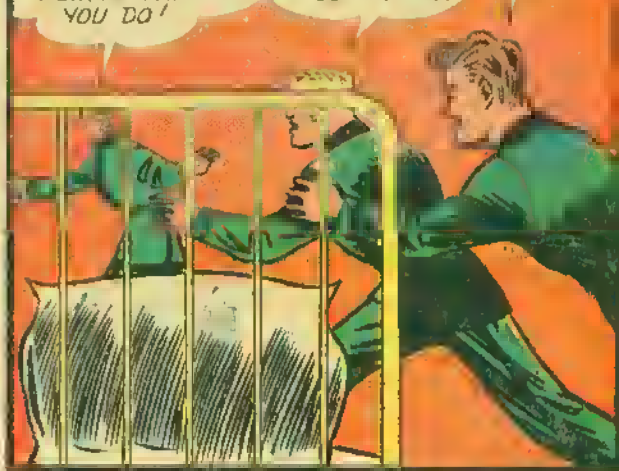
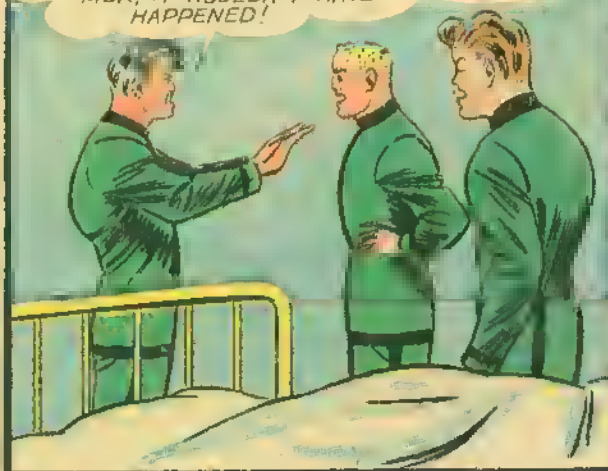


HEY! ARE YOU GUYS SUGGESTING THAT I HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT ACCIDENT? HECK! IF SIMBA HAD KNOWN HOW TO LEAD HIS MEN, IT WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!

FURTHERMORE, I THINK YOU'RE MAD BECAUSE I RATE HIGHER IN POINTS THAN YOU DO!

WHY- THAT EGOTISTICAL SO-AND-SO!

HOLD ON, SIMBA!



AFTER BEAVER LEAVES...

HEY! CAN I GET OUT OF THIS STEAMER CHAIR NOW?

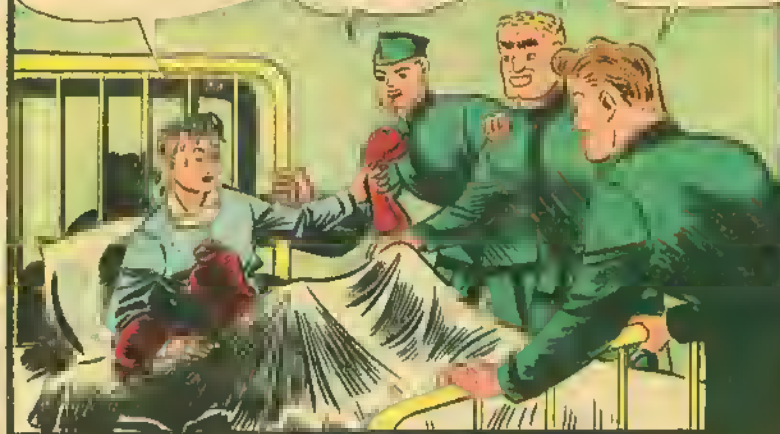
YEAH. YOU PUT ON A SWELL ACT!

DID YOU SEE THE LOOK ON BEAVER'S FACE?

THERE WAS **GUILT** WRITTEN ALL OVER IT!

I THINK WE SCARED HIM PROPERLY!

YEAH. BUT IT'S LUCKY THAT NONE OF THE FELLOWS WERE **REALLY** HURT THIS AFTERNOON.



MEANWHILE, BEAVER IS REALLY WORRIED.

I DIDN'T EXPECT ANYTHING LIKE THIS. I ONLY WANTED TO SCARE THEM... CAPTAIN SAGE STARTED THE WHOLE THING- HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!

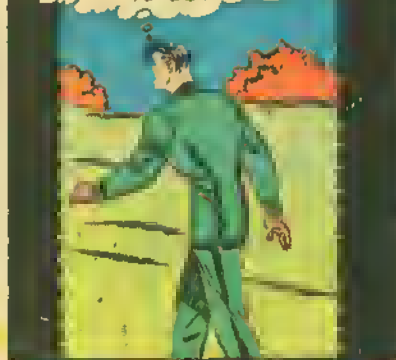
HMM... NO ANSWER. BUT THE DOOR'S OPEN...

CAPTAIN W.P. SAGE



BEAVER WALKS IN

HE WON'T MIND IF I GO IN AND WAIT FOR HIM.



HEY! WHAT'S THIS?



BEAVER EDGERTON'S CURIOSITY GETS THE BETTER OF HIM, AND...

OMIGOSH!



WITHOUT WARNING, CAPTAIN SAGE SAUNTERS INTO THE ROOM...

OH!

OFFICER EDGERTON!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



I- I WANTED TO SEE YOU ABOUT ONE OF THE BOYS WHO WAS HURT BY THE BARBED WIRE, SIR.

I'LL TAKE THIS!



THIS PAPER IS AN ORIGINAL NAZI DOCUMENT WHICH I'VE BEEN ORDERED TO STUDY. STUPID, ISN'T IT?

I'LL SAY!

HE'S LYING - THAT'S HIS HAND-WRITING



NOW YOU RUN ALONG. THERE'S A HARD DAY AHEAD OF YOU!

YES, SIR. GOOD NIGHT, SIR!



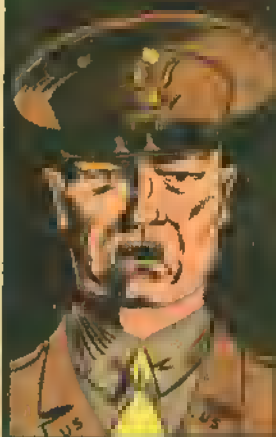
I contend emphatically that what the Fuehrer has said will come to pass in the near future, and under Nazi domination, the lower classes of the world shall be our slaves for eternity!

AFTER BEAVER LEAVES...

I WONDER HOW MUCH OF THIS HE READ... AND WHAT HE REALLY BELIEVES?



HE MUST BE DESTROYED!



THE NEXT MORNING, ON THE FIELD...

WHAT'S THE PROGRAM TODAY?

BOOBY TRAPS AND MINES. THAT OLD HOUSE IS THE OBJECT.



CAPTAIN SAGE SPEAKS...

GENTLEMEN, THIS HOUSE HAS JUST BEEN ABANDONED BY THE ENEMY. IN IT, AND UPON THE GROUNDS, ARE DUMMY MINES AND BOOBY TRAPS.



YOU MEN ARE TO INVAD THE PLACE, FIND THE MINES, AND RENDER THEM HARMLESS. EACH ONE YOU MISS EXPLODES A HARMLESS FIRECRACKER AND COSTS YOU ONE POINT.

SAY- NOTICE HOW BEAVER STAYS CLOSE TO THE CAPTAIN?

YEAH- "GOLD-BRICKING"!



OFFICER EDGERTON, YOUR COMPANY GOES IN FIRST!

YES, SIR!



BEAVER'S CREW ADVANCES SLOWLY, USING THE MINE DETECTORS.

I'VE FOUND ONE!

HOLD IT! WE'LL DIG IT OUT!



CAREFUL! ONE
SLIP AND SHE'LL
GO OFF!

IT'S USELESS,
THOUGH, ONCE WE
GET THE DETONATOR!

MEANWHILE, AT THE REAR OF THE HOUSE...

SH-H-H!

WAIT'LL BEAVER HEARS THIS
GO OFF! HE'LL SWEAR IT'S
THE REAL THING

INTO THE CLOSET-
QUICK! HERE COMES
SOME ONE!

SOUNDS LIKE
BEAVER!

COME ON IN,
FELLOWS. HERE'S
OUR NEXT PROBLEM.

SWELL!

IT'S BEAVER,
ALL RIGHT!

LOOK! THERE'S
A COPY OF
MEIN KAMPF!

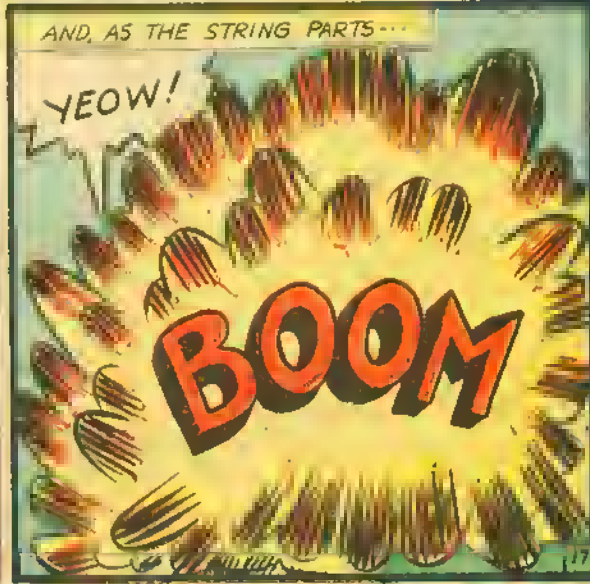
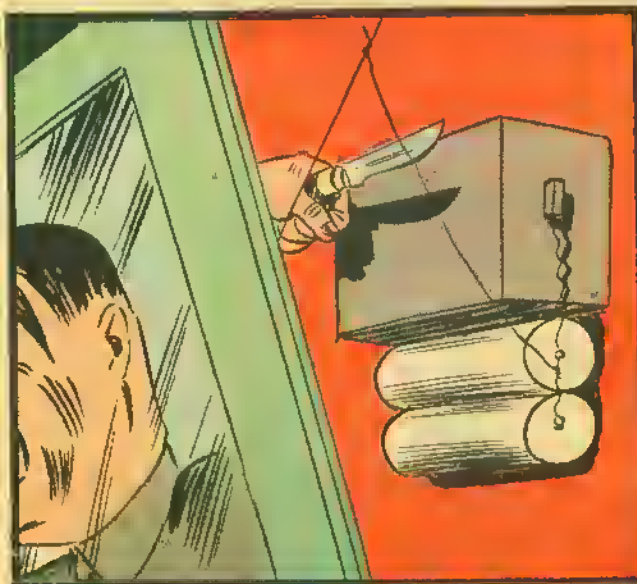
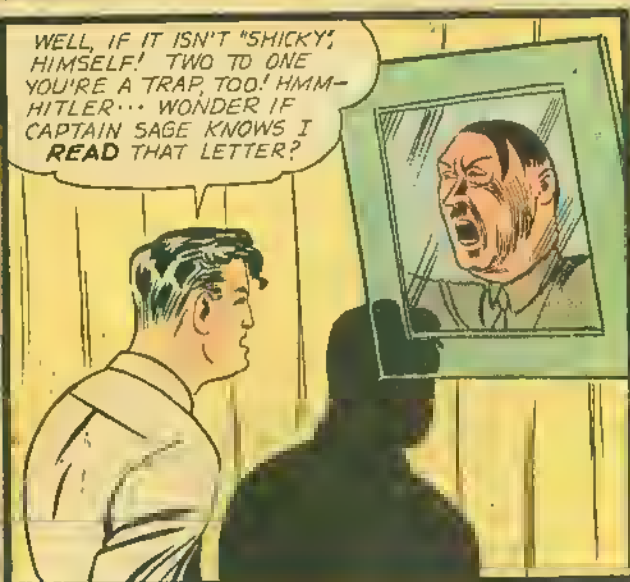
SO IT
IS!

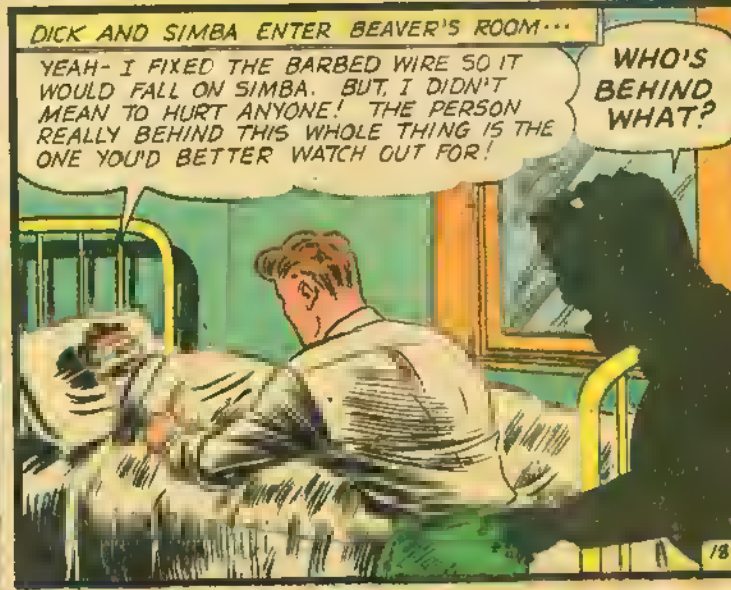
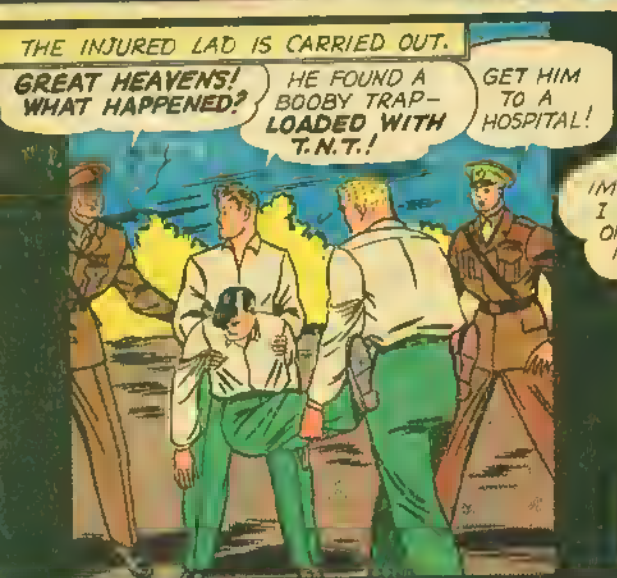
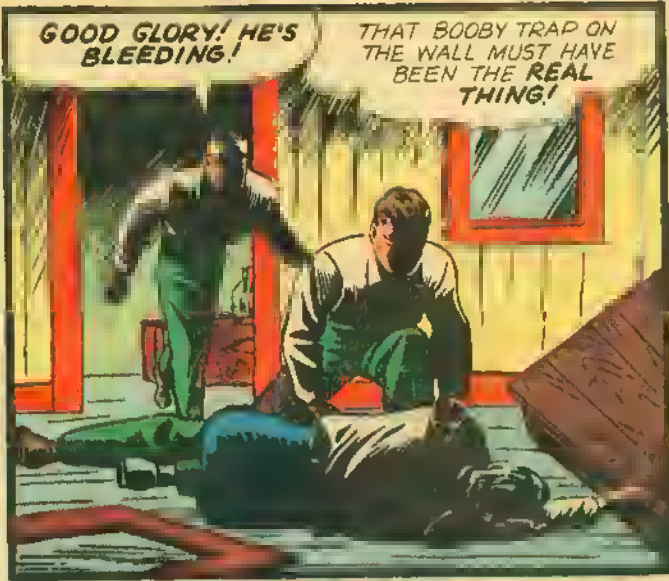
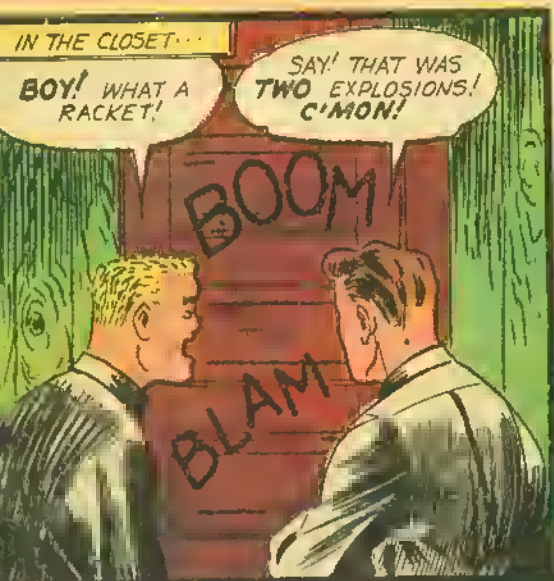
AS THE CADET GOES TO
PICK UP THE BOOK...

STOP, LUMMON!-
THAT'S A
BOOBY TRAP!

HUH?

WATCH! I SLIDE THE BOOK
SLOWLY ALONG THE
TABLE... THEN...





IT'S A PLOT TO KILL OFF THE CADETS SO THEY'LL NEVER BECOME OFFICERS... LOOK BEHIND YOU!

HUH?

DICK AND SIMBA SPIN AROUND...

CAPTAIN SAGE!

THE BOY IS LYING!

I THINK YOU WERE SETTING A TRAP FOR SIMBA, WHO WAS TO INVADE THE HOUSE AFTER YOU. I FOUND THIS DYNAMITE AND THESE FUSE CAPS IN YOUR ROOM!

I'M AFRAID THE PROOF POINTS TO YOUR GUILT, BEAVER.

WHAT?

LIES! LIES! I CAN PROVE HE'S A NAZI AGENT! LOOK IN HIS ROOM! PLEASE DON'T BELIEVE HIM!

PERHAPS WE'D BETTER GO. THERE'LL BE AN INVESTIGATION WHEN EDGERTON IS RECOVERED.

NO! NO! IT WILL BE TOO LATE THEN! YOU HAVE GOT TO STOP HIM NOW! WHAT HAPPENED TO ME PROVES IT!

NOW, STOP IT! YOU'LL HURT YOURSELF!

IT'S SO HARD TO BELIEVE ONE OF OUR CADETS WOULD DO A THING LIKE THIS!

INCREDIBLE! BUT, THEN-BEAVER WANTED HIS COMPANY TO WIN!

SAY, SIMBA... DO YOU SUPPOSE BEAVER IS TELLING THE TRUTH?

I DON'T KNOW... THIS THING HAS ME GOING IN CIRCLES!

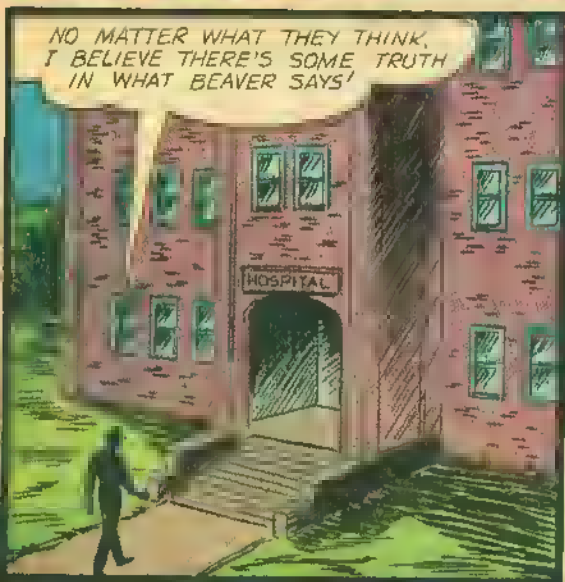
THAT EVENING...

SIMBA! I CAN'T BELIEVE BEAVER WOULD DO A THING LIKE THAT, DELIBERATELY.

WHY DON'T YOU GO AND HAVE A CHAT WITH HIM INSTEAD OF PACING THE FLOOR?

A GOOD IDEA SEE YOU ANON!

HEY!



ENTERING BEAVER'S ROOM, DICK FINDS IT **EMPTY!**

HOLY HALIBUT! HE'S GONE!... THE WINDOW— IT LOOKS AS THOUGH HE WAS FORCED TO LEAVE THROUGH IT!



DICK SPEEDS TO THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS.

GONE, TOO! SAY- THAT SUITCASE!



DYNAMITE AND DETONATOR CAPS!— NOW, WHAT WOULD HE BE CARRYING THESE AROUND FOR— UNLESS...



DICK TURNS AND BOLTS FROM THE ROOM...

I GET IT! THE HOUSE-
THE BOOBY TRAP
HOUSE!

... AND DASHES ACROSS THE CAMPUS TO THE
ABANDONED SHACK.

I'M RIGHT!
THERE'S A LIGHT
ON IN
THERE!

MEANWHILE, SIMBA HAS BEEN
WATCHING FROM THE WINDOW!

WHERE'S DICK RUNNING TO AT
THIS TIME OF NIGHT? HE'S
SURE IN A HURRY!

AND DICK...

GREAT GUNS! HE'S
GOT BEAVER AND
HE'S GOING TO
BLOW HIM
APART!

THIS DYNAMITE
WILL FIX YOU
FOR MEDDLING
WITH THE PLANS
OF THE REICH!

OH-COLE!

YES- AND YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO GET AWAY
WITH THIS!

WITHOUT WARNING, CAPTAIN SAGE
LASHES OUT...

YOU JUST COULDN'T
KEEP OUT OF THIS,
COULD YOU?

HEY!

THEN, IT IS TRUE-WHAT
BEAVER SAID!
YOU ARE A
NAZI!

YES!-
NOW AND
FOREVER!

DICK SWINGS...

THAT'S WHAT YOU
THINK!

SAGE SIDESTEPS AND TRIPS
DICK!

OOPS!

FOOL!

THE NAZI LIFTS A TABLE HIGH AND BRINGS
IT CRASHING DOWN.

DON'T TRY GETTING
UP!

WHY, YOU-

I WARNED
YOU!

CRASH

AFTER THE EXPLOSION, I'LL CONVINCE
MAJOR FARR THAT DICK CAUGHT BEAVER
IN THE ACT OF PLACING THE EXPLOSIVES...
THEY HAD A FIGHT... THE STUFF
WENT OFF... SIMPLE!

GOODBYE, BOYS. YOU HAVE
SERVED MY PURPOSE
WELL!

SPDTT

SIMBA'S CURIOSITY HAS GOTTEN THE BETTER OF HIM— AND...

UMPH! HEY— CAPTAIN SAGE!

UGH! GET OUT, YOU DOPE!

RASH

HOLD ON, CAPTAIN!
OH— DICK WAS RIGHT!

LET ME GO!

SURE— I'LL LET GO! FIRST, PUT OUT THAT FUSE! THEN I'LL LET GO WITH ALL I HAVE!

HARRUMPH!

SPFTT

YEOW!

BLAM

AS THE CAPTAIN ATTEMPTS TO RUN...

NO, YOU DON'T!

AHHHHH!

SO, THERE!

SOCKO!

NOT MUCH LATER, AT MAJOR FARR'S OFFICE...

COME IN!

**KNOCK!
KNOCK!**

PARDON US, SIR, BUT CAPTAIN SAGE HAS SOMETHING TO TELL YOU!

MY WORD! WHAT IS THIS?

DICK AND BEAVER KNOW MORE ABOUT THIS THAN I, SIR!



AFTER TELLING THE MAJOR OF THE CAPTAIN'S ATTEMPT ON THEIR LIVES, DICK PRESENTS FURTHER EVIDENCE

AND THESE PAPERS WERE FOUND IN HIS ROOM—NAZI ARTICLES SAGE WAS GOING TO SEND BACK TO GERMANY!

BUT, HE'S A CAPTAIN IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY!



NO—HE MURDERED THE REAL CAPTAIN AND POSED AS HIM IN ORDER TO SABOTAGE LIKELY OFFICER MATERIAL FOR THE ARMY... SIMBA POUNDED THE INFORMATION OUT OF HIM!

IS THIS TRUE, SAGE?



YES—I DENY NOTHING! IT WAS FOR THE GREATER REICH!

THEN, YOU WILL BE TURNED OVER TO THE F.B.I.—TAKE BEAVER BACK TO THE HOSPITAL BOYS!



ONE MONTH LATER...

TO EACH OF YOU COMPANY COMMANDERS IS AWARDED A CERTIFICATE OF **MILITARY MERIT**. AND, FOR DOING YOUR DUTY, ABOVE AND BEYOND YOUR NORMAL ACTIVITIES, YOU RECEIVE PERSONAL CERTIFICATES OF VALOR!



WELL, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD! **WE ALL WIN!**

I STILL SAY YOU CAN'T HANDLE MEN, BEAVER!

GENTLEMEN! THIS IS ALMOST WAR—FOR US, ANYWAY!

IT'S WAR FOR ALL OF US, DICK COLE! AND WE ARE DOING OUR SHARE BY BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY!



DICK COLE WILL HAVE A NEW AND THRILLING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **4—MOST**.

EDISON BELL

HOW WILL IT WORK, EDDIE?

WE'LL DISTRIBUTE THE CIRCULARS TO ALL THE PEOPLE THEN, IF THEY HAVE ANY CHORES FOR US, THEY CAN CALL THE A.R.W. POST!

EDDIE BELL'S TOWN, LIKE SO MANY OTHERS THESE DAYS, HAS A PROBLEM. THE GROWN-UPS HAVE THEIR HANDS FULL WITH WAR WORK. SO, THE JUNIOR AIR-RAID WARDENS DECIDE TO HELP.

THE MORE HELP WE GIVE THEM, THE MORE TIME THEY'LL HAVE FOR THE RED CROSS AND OTHER AGENCIES. OUR SLOGAN WILL BE **"WE'LL DO THAT CHORE TO WIN THE WAR!"**

AFTER THE MEETING...

IS EVERYONE READY TO PITCH IN WHEN THOSE CALLS START?

YOU BET!

YOU'VE DONE A SWELL JOB, EDDIE—AND IT WON'T COST ANYONE A CENT!

BUT---

BROCK! LOOK WHAT EDDIE BELL IS UP TO NOW! HE'LL RUIN OUR BUSINESS!

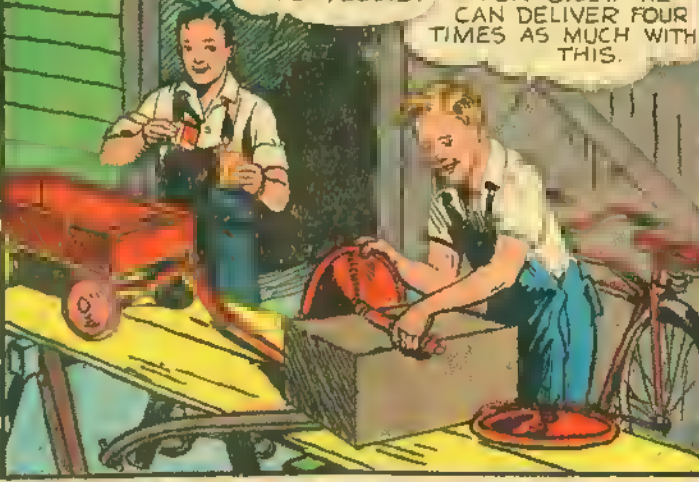
HUH? I'LL FIX HIM!—LET'S SEE.



EDDIE AND JERRY SPEND THE NEXT FEW DAYS MAKING PREPARATIONS.

WHAT'S THAT TRAILER FOR, EDDIE?

I'M MAKING IT FOR BILLY. HE CAN DELIVER FOUR TIMES AS MUCH WITH THIS.



GOOD IDEA! HERE'S ANOTHER ELECTRIC IRON TO BE FIXED!

WE CAN SAVE LOTS OF MONEY AND TIME FOR PEOPLE BY REPAIRING STUFF.



AND, SAY- DID YOU SEE THIS, JERRY? I PUT A LONG HANDLE ON MOM'S DUSTPAN SO SHE WON'T HAVE TO STOOP SO MUCH.



I SURE HOPE THESE DOOR STOPS YOU MADE ME PUT SO MUCH TIME ON WILL HELP TO SAVE SOMETHING THEY WILL, PAL.



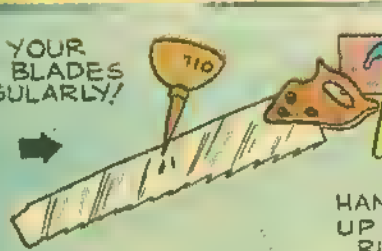
WELL, LET'S FINISH UP. IT'S GETTING LATE AND WE STILL WANT TO CHOP THAT WOOD IN THE GARAGE.

OH, YEAH- I GUESS SO.



TOOLS ARE WEAPONS... Protect them!

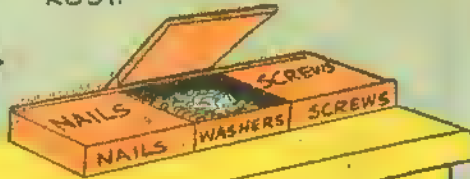
OIL YOUR SAW BLADES REGULARLY!



HANG YOUR TOOLS UP TO PREVENT RUST.



OLD CIGAR BOXES MAKE EXCELLENT RECEPTACLES FOR NAILS, SCREWS AND HACK-SAW BLADES.



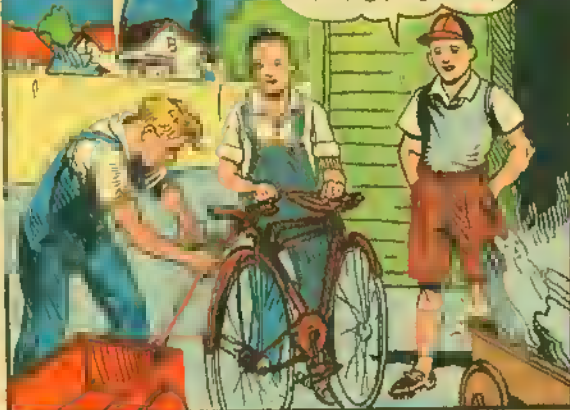
BELOW IS A REAL SPACE-SAVER/ OLD JARS...THEIR TOPS NAILED TO THE UNDER-SIDE OF YOUR SELF



THE NEXT MORNING, EDDIE PASSES OUT HIS NEWLY CREATED GADGETS.

THERE! HOW'S THAT, BILLY?

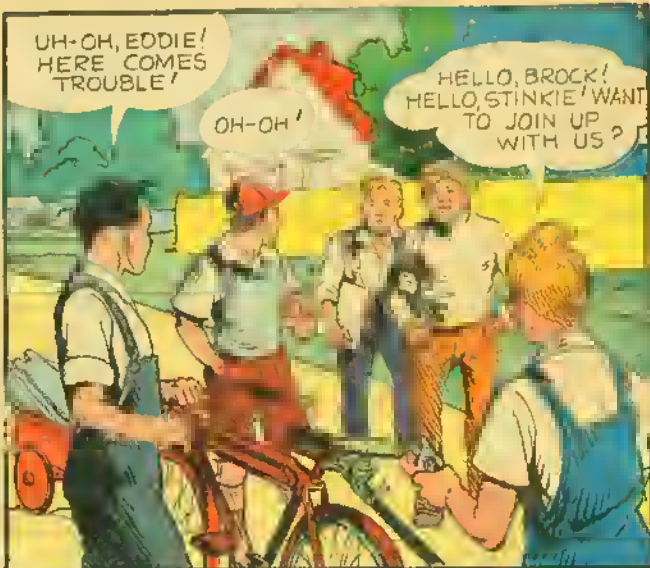
BOY, THAT'S GREAT! YOU FELLOWS SURE DREAM UP SOME FANCY IDEAS!



UH-OH, EDDIE! HERE COMES TROUBLE!

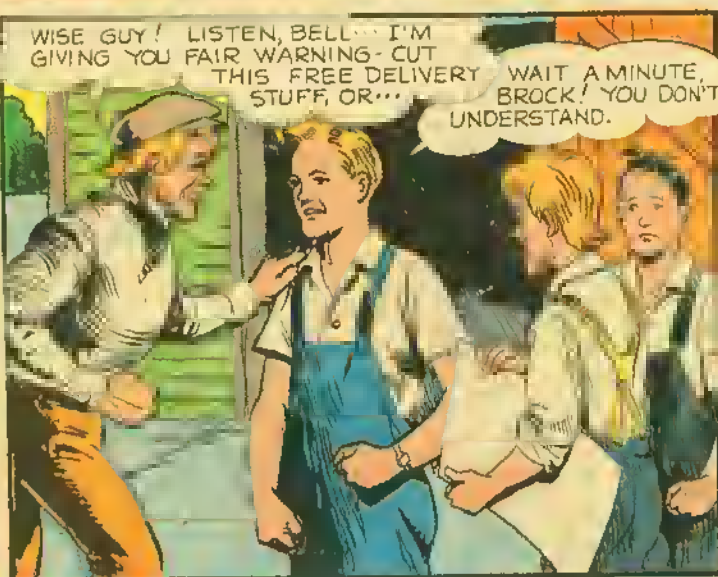
OH-OH!

HELLO, BROCK! HELLO, STINKIE! WANT TO JOIN UP WITH US?



WISE GUY! LISTEN, BELL... I'M GIVING YOU FAIR WARNING- CUT THIS FREE DELIVERY STUFF, OR...

WAIT A MINUTE, BROCK! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.



WE UNDERSTAND ALL RIGHT!... YOU'RE RUINING OUR BUSINESS

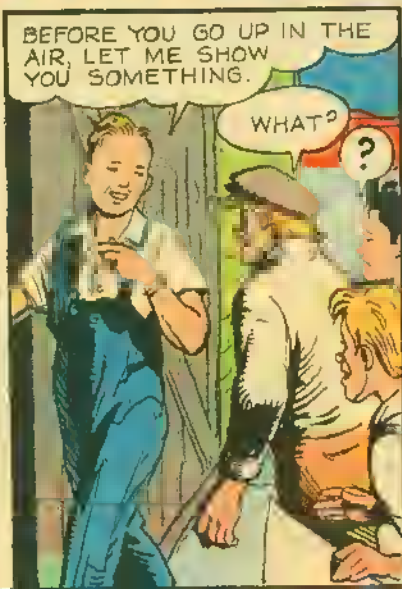
HEY!- WAIT A MINUTE, FELLOWS!



BEFORE YOU GO UP IN THE AIR, LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING.

WHAT?

?



EDDIE'S OFFER TO BROCK WORRIES JERRY.

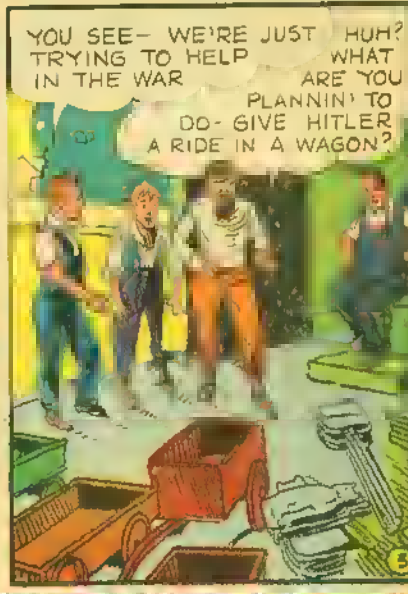
HEY, EDDIE! YOU AREN'T GOING TO LET THEM KNOW WHERE WE WORK?

SSH! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!



YOU SEE- WE'RE JUST TRYING TO HELP IN THE WAR

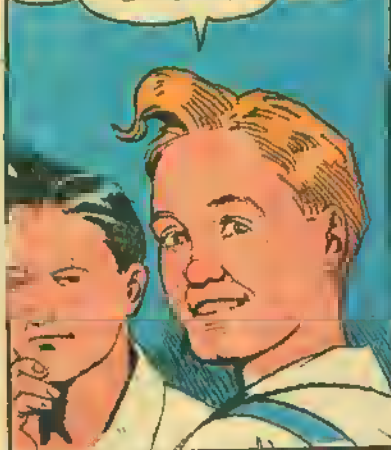
HUH? WHAT ARE YOU PLANNIN' TO DO- GIVE HITLER A RIDE IN A WAGON?



BE AS PATRIOTIC AS YOU WANT TO- BUT, I'M STILL WARNIN' YA TO STAY AWAY FROM OUR CUSTOMERS. SEE?



I'M NOT SURE WE CAN DO THAT. BESIDES, DO YOU WANT IT KNOWN THAT YOU'RE CASHING IN ON THE WAR EFFORT?



LISTEN, SMART GUY! JUST KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT AND DO LIKE I TOLD YOU!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!



NOW THEY'RE REALLY MAD! HECK, EDDIE! BROCK'S APT TO COME BACK AND WRECK THE PLACE!

YEAH- HE MAY.



WELL, WHAT DID YOU SHOW IT TO HIM FOR, THEN? I HAD A HUNCH THEY MIGHT GO RIGHT ON THIS ONE THING.



I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO DO- BUT I PROMISED MOM I'D HELP HER THIS AFTERNOON

OKAY, JERRY SEE YOU LATER



DELIVERING GROCERIES CAN BE FUN!

MOUNT A BOX ON THE FRONT OF YOUR BIKE

"SADDLE BAGS" ..NOT TOO BULKY, HOWEVER!

"PAPOOSE PACK"

CUT A BASKET IN HALVE

PLYWOOD

BRACKET

BENT WATER PIPE

SHOULDER STRAPS

"BIKE TRAILER" SIMPLY A BOX WITH WHEELS

FLATTEN PIPE AND BOLT ON



THAT SAME EVENING, EDDIE CALLS FOR JERRY AS USUAL.

PSST! HEY, JERRY!

HI, EDDIE! WHAT'S UP?

COME DOWN!

I EXPECT A VISIT FROM BROCK AND STINKIE SOON.

I THOUGHT THEY'D COME BACK!

AND, AS EDDIE AND JERRY WAIT IN THEIR WORKSHOP...

SSH! THERE THEY ARE NOW!

YUP, OKAY, LET'S GET THEM!

NO... LET THEM GO AHEAD!

WHAT? WHY? THEY ARE BREAKING THE DOOR DOWN WITH AXES!

RASH

BROCK AND STINKIE GET INTO THE BARN AND GO TO WORK.

BUST EVERYTHING!

YOU BET, BROCK!

MEANWHILE, EDDIE WALKS CALMLY TO THE CORNER.

HOW CAN YOU BE SO COOL? ALL OUR WORK—LET'S DO SOMETHING!

OKAY—WE WILL! IT'S JUST ABOUT TIME, NOW!

OFFICER O'MALLEY!

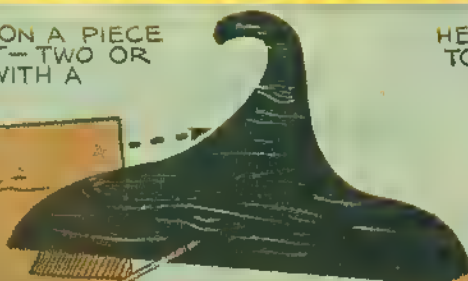
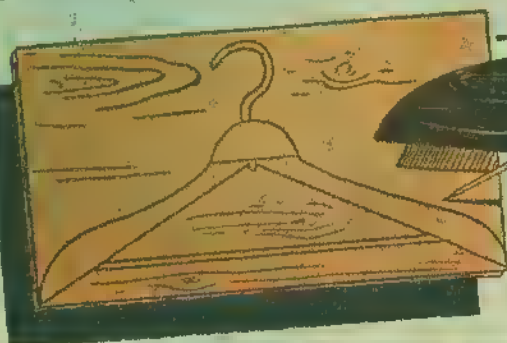
YES? WHO—OH, EDDIE!

THIS IS TOO MUCH FOR ME!



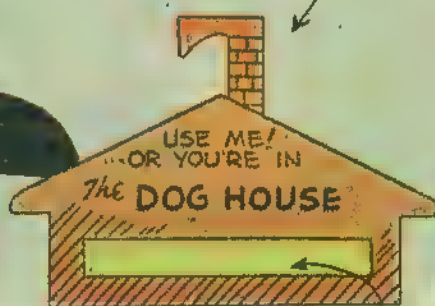
MAKE YOUR OWN CLOTHES HANGERS!

TRACE AN OLD HANGER ON A PIECE OF PLYWOOD AND CUT OUT-TWO OR MORE AT THE SAME TIME WITH A JIG-SAW!

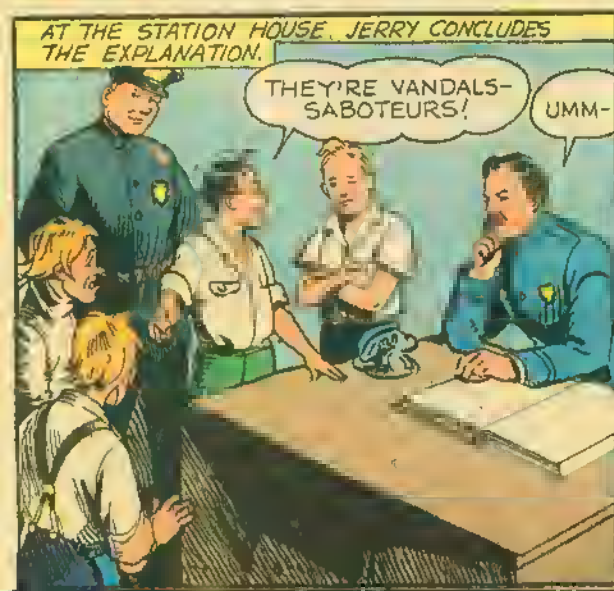
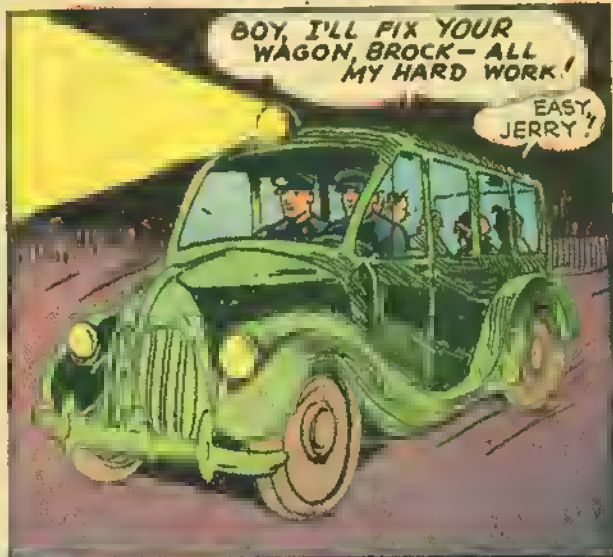
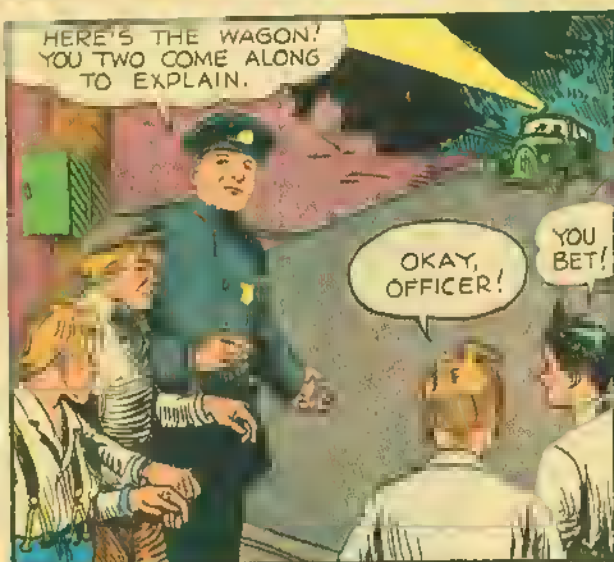


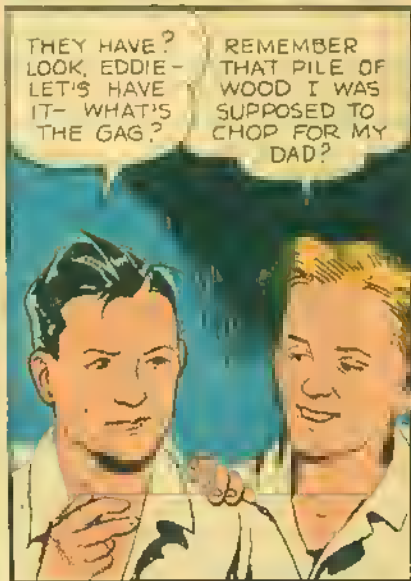
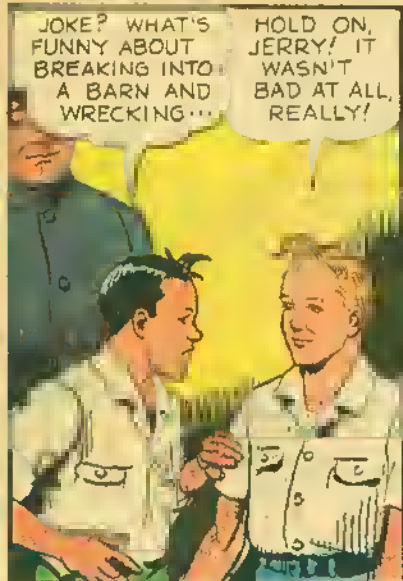
WIRE HANGERS BELONG ON THE SCRAP PILE!

HERE'S A GOOD REMINDER TO HANG UP THOSE CLOTHES!



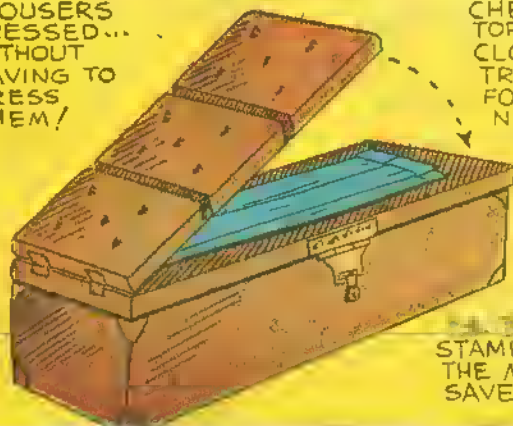
HANG TROUSERS 'HERE





LEARN TO DO IT YOURSELF!

KEEP YOUR TROUSERS PRESSED... WITHOUT HAVING TO PRESS THEM!

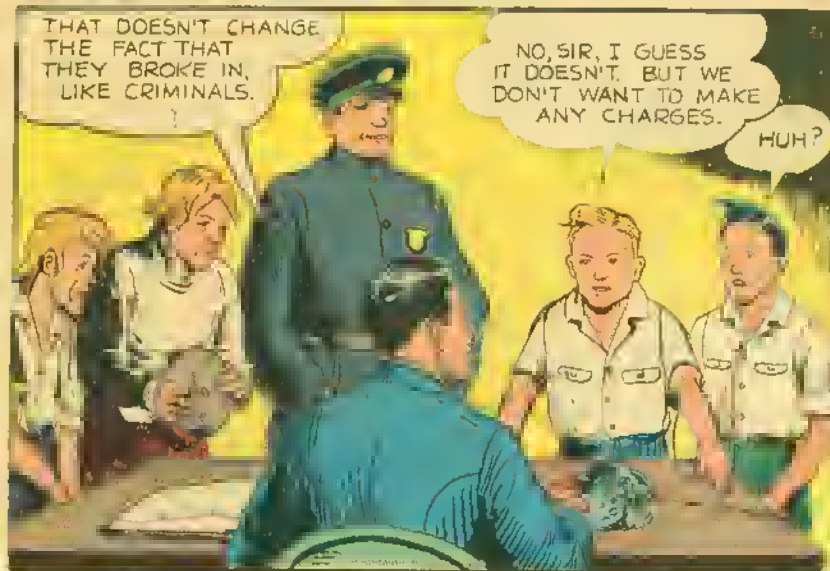


MAKE YOURSELF A CHEST WITH A DOUBLE TOP... LINE IT WITH CLOTH... AND LEAVE YOUR TROUSERS - CAREFULLY FOLDED - IN IT EVERY NIGHT! SITTING ON IT WILL GIVE YOU A SHARP CREASE!

WASH YOUR OWN HAND-KERCHIEFS... AND WHILE STILL WET, STRETCH THEM OVER THE SIDE OF A TUB. WHEN DRY - USE! PRESSING IS UNNECESSARY!

STAMPS WITH THE MONEY SAVED.





THAT DOESN'T CHANGE
THE FACT THAT
THEY BROKE IN,
LIKE CRIMINALS.

NO, SIR, I GUESS
IT DOESN'T, BUT WE
DON'T WANT TO MAKE
ANY CHARGES.

HUH?



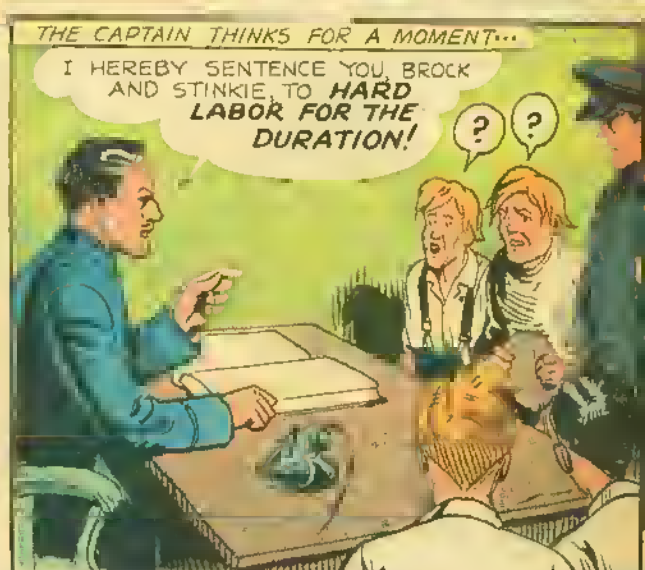
YOU SEE, THEY'D BE A LOT
MORE HELP TO US IF
THEY WERE FREE TO
WORK WITH US!



SA-AY- WHAT ARE
YOU TRYIN' TO
PULL, BELL?

I'M IN A
FOG,
MYSELF!

SILENCE!



THE CAPTAIN THINKS FOR A MOMENT...

I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU, BROCK
AND STINKIE, TO **HARD
LABOR FOR THE
DURATION!**

??



**HARD LABOR
FOR THE
DURATION!**

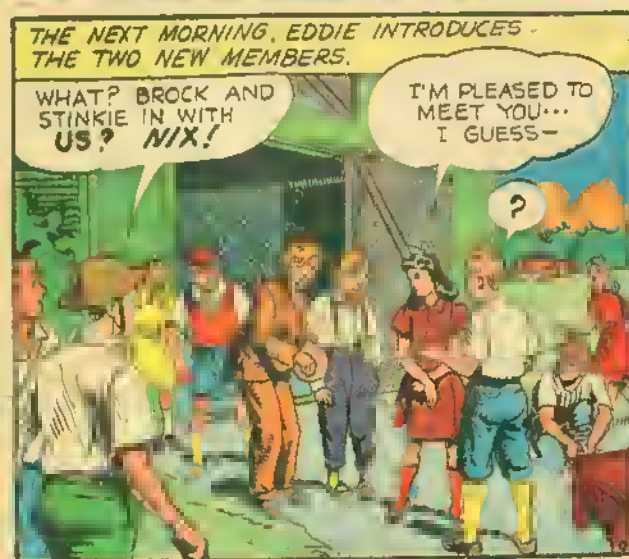
HUH?



YES! IN THE CUSTODY,
AND UNDER THE SUPERVISION
OF, EDDIE BELL!



THE HARD LABOR WILL BE
WHATEVER JOBS EDDIE FEELS
ARE YOUR SHARE OF
THE FREE CHORES.



HERE'S ONE FOR YOU...YOUR MOM WILL LOVE!

EDDIE BELL CALLS
THIS GADGET MOM'S
"**WORRY
ELIMINATOR**"...
YOU'LL UNDERSTAND!

"BOOT HOOKS"

... A PIECE OF
WOOD WITH CUTS
TO HELP REMOVE
RUBBERS.

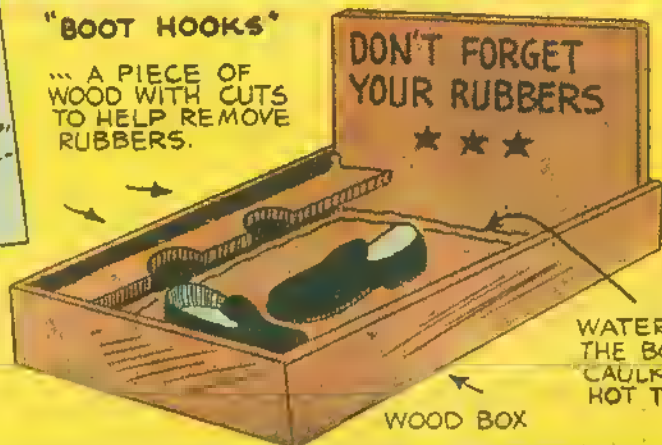
**DON'T FORGET
YOUR RUBBERS**

★ ★ ★

REMEMBER,
THERE IS
A GREAT
SHORTAGE
OF
DOCTORS!

★

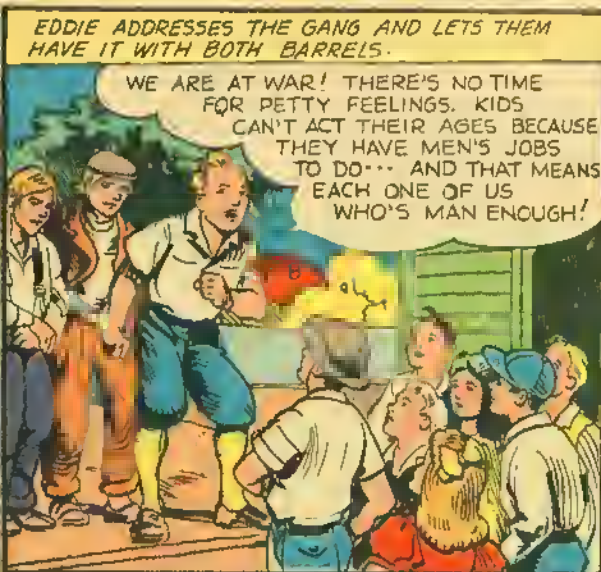
PLACE THE BOX NEAR
THE FRONT-DOOR
AND.....USE IT!



WATER-PROOF
THE BOX BY
CAULKING WITH
HOT TAR.

EDDIE ADDRESSES THE GANG AND LETS THEM HAVE IT WITH BOTH BARRELS.

WE ARE AT WAR! THERE'S NO TIME FOR PETTY FEELINGS. KIDS CAN'T ACT THEIR AGES BECAUSE THEY HAVE MEN'S JOBS TO DO... AND THAT MEANS EACH ONE OF US WHO'S MAN ENOUGH!



ED'S RIGHT... THIS IS NO TIME FOR HARD FEELINGS.

SORRY, BROCK... AND WELCOME!

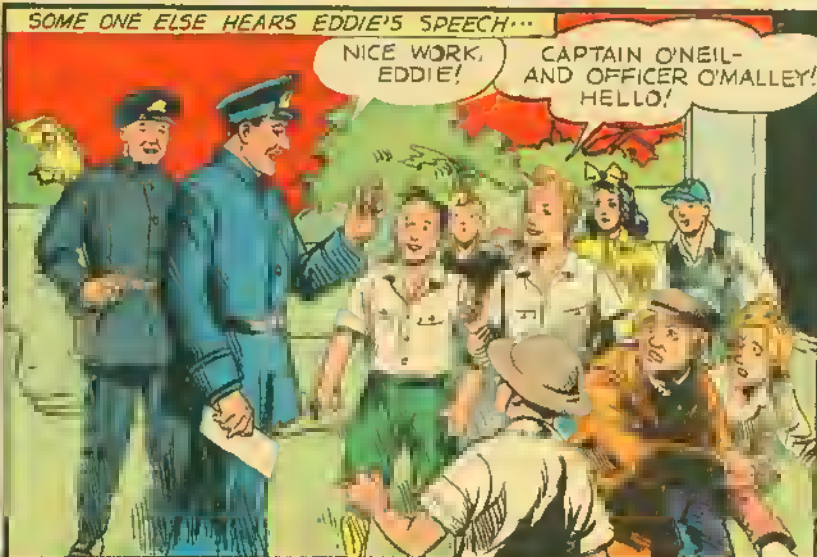
'S OKAY!



SOME ONE ELSE HEARS EDDIE'S SPEECH...

NICE WORK, EDDIE!

CAPTAIN O'NEIL- AND OFFICER O'MALLEY! HELLO!



THE MAYOR ASKED US TO TELL YOU THAT YOUR WORK THIS PAST WEEK HAS SAVED ALMOST A THOUSAND DOLLARS- AND ALL OF IT WILL GO INTO WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!



GEE, THAT'S SWELL! HEAR THAT, FELLOWS?... ONLY, GOSH! I HAVEN'T BOUGHT ANY, MYSELF, RECENTLY.



BUT, EDDIE, DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT ALL THOSE BONDS ARE ALMOST DIRECTLY ATTRIBUTED TO YOU?... BESIDES, MAYBE THIS WILL HELP!



A HUNDRED DOLLAR WAR BOND! GOSH!

INDIVIDUAL EFFORT OF ANY KIND IS REWARDED, EDDIE.



BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS.

THIS STORY IDEA WAS SUGGESTED IN A LETTER FROM THE UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

RAY GILL

PATRIOTISM *Begins at Home!*

TIMESAVERS YOU CAN MAKE FOR MOM!

YES... THERE ARE JOBS TO BE DONE--AND MOSTLY BY GROWN-UPS... BUT DADS AND MOTHERS... BUT YOU CAN HELP BY DOING THINGS YOURSELF... AND BY MAKING THESE GADGETS THAT WILL SAVE THEM TIME THEY MAY USE ON MORE VITAL CHORES!

R
YOU HELPING?

Ray Hill

SIMPLE DOOR-STOPPERS!



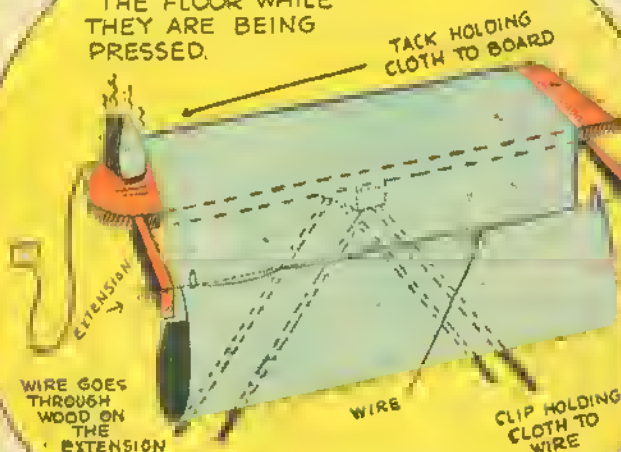
CUT A CAT, DOG, ETC. OUT OF WOOD AND SCREW A WEDGE OF WOOD ON BACK.

WEDGE

PUSH STOPPER AGAINST DOOR... WEDGE HOLDS IT OPEN.

SCREW ON

THIS GADGET IS DESIGNED TO KEEP CLEAN CLOTHES OFF THE FLOOR WHILE THEY ARE BEING PRESSED.



TACK HOLDING CLOTH TO BOARD

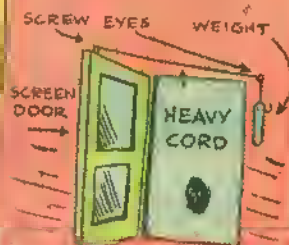
WIRE GOES THROUGH WOOD ON THE EXTENSION

WIRE

CLIP HOLDING CLOTH TO WIRE

NO SPRINGS!

ELIMINATE MOM'S CONCERN ABOUT YOUR LEAVING THE SCREEN DOOR OPEN... EVEN THOUGH WE MAY NO LONGER BE ABLE TO BUY SPRINGS!



SCREW EYES

WEIGHT

SCREEN DOOR

HEAVY CORD

REMEMBER

TO SAVE TIME IS TO LENGTHEN LIFE... AND AT THE PRESENT... **SHORTEN WAR!**

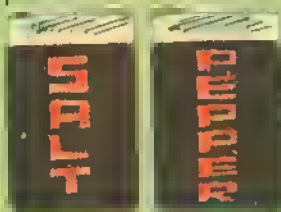


GRADUATED SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS--COOKING SIZE

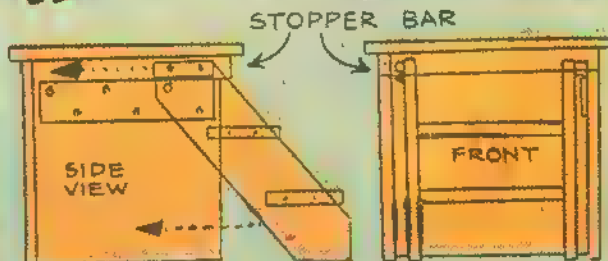


TAKE TWO EMPTY JARS WITH SCREW-ON TOPS... PUNCH HOLES IN TOPS AND LETTER... WITH RUBBER CEMENT "SALT" AND "PEPPER" AS SHOWN BELOW.

NOW... AFTER LETTERING... PAINT OR DIP ENTIRE JAR IN PAINT. WHEN PAINT IS DRY... RUB THROUGH PAINT AND RUBBER CEMENT WILL COME OFF.



HANDY STEP LADDER STOOL!



STOPPER BAR

SIDE VIEW

FRONT

CONSTRUCTED OF $\frac{3}{4}$ " WHITE PINE THE LADDER PULLS OUT ON A SLIDE. WHEN IN THE STOOL MAY BE USED AS AN EXTRA CHAIR. MOM WILL APPRECIATE THIS... BUT ONLY IF IT IS MADE WELL!

A DOG

ENLISTS!

would find the dog hanging back.

Frank guessed that a dog does miss his master. But if Tim was taking it that hard already, what would happen after Charlie had been gone a week, or a month. Frank frowned a little at that and sat down on a stump. Tim crouched at his feet, head down, eyes closed.

"What's eatin' you, Tim," he addressed the dog. "Charlie'll be okay. He had a job to do for Uncle Sam."

THE FOLLOWING week two thoughts were almost constantly in Frank's mind. To begin with, he wanted to do something for his country. He could fight the Japs as well as his brothers could! Wasn't he tall for his age, and strong.

Also, he was worried about Tim. The dog was mooning something fierce; wasn't eating much and that was a bad sign in any animal.

Then a few days later, Frank had his first really happy moment since Charlie left.

"Hal Miller was telling me today," his father said, after supper, "that he's given his Great Dane to the Army. Seems the Army and other services need dogs the same as men. Some are being trained to guard munition factories, others are sent to the Coast Guard to patrol beaches. Apparently there are quite a number of things they can do better than men. . . ."

"Gee," Frank said, as an idea took shape in his mind. If he couldn't get in the service himself, he could send Tim. Wouldn't that be helping?

It was easy to see what the trouble with Tim was—he was worrying about Charlie. Of

F RANK MADDEN, sixteen, red-headed, and freckled, was trying to say good-bye to his brother Charlie. It was a tough job anyway you looked at it.

"Yeah," he said, "pretty soft going off to Australia or Africa, no telling where. I gotta stick here. Why does a fellow have to be an old man before the government'll take him. . . ."

"Keep your chin up, kid, and you'll get in, soon enough," Charlie grinned. "Then you can take a sock at the Japs, too."

"Yeah, but the war'll be over before I'm old enough. Well, anyway," he hurried on, as the train began moving out of the little Pennsylvania town, "get some of them Japs, or Germans, whichever you meet up with. I'll take good care of Tim for you. . . ."

"You do that, Frank, and remember what I told you—that dog's yours." He broke off. ". . . beat it, kid, we're picking up speed."

Frank hustled off the train. "So long . . . don't forget about the Japs. . . ."

Trudging home, Frank didn't know whether he was happy or sad. Guess a fellow ought to feel pretty proud though, having two brothers in the war. Bill had enlisted in the Coast Guard right after Pearl Harbor. And now Charlie was in the Navy. Heck, why couldn't he do something.

"Well, he got away okay.

Mother," Frank burst into the kitchen. "And he gave me Tim. But Tim won't be the same with Charlie away. A thoroughbred Collie sorta gets used to only one person. And Charlie's had him since he was a pup. . . ."

Frank's mother reached for a handkerchief and dabbed at her eyes.

"Hustle, now," she said, "your father is expecting you down at the store. Saturday's his busy day, you know."

FRANK had time for only a word or two with Tim before he left. The dog had the run of the small yard and he was curled up in a sunny spot right back of the kitchen. His thick, tan coat glistened and Frank noticed again the powerful body and intelligent eyes.

"See you later, Tim," he told him. "Gotta beat it now."

Tim got to his feet, gave one short bark, turned around and lay down again.

Frank was glad the store was full of customers. Kept him from thinking too much about Charlie. But his father, he observed, fumbled now and then as he took a can or package off a shelf and, Frank thought, he looked tired long before time to close up.

Early Sunday afternoon Frank and Tim went for a stroll through the woods. Tim wasn't his old self though. Before Charlie went away, Tim would strain at the leash when he was taken out. Today, he just sauntered along and sometimes Frank

course, Tim didn't know where Charlie was, but he knew he'd gone away. Maybe Tim would be glad to get into the service. One thing Frank did know. If Tim was accepted, he'd be one swell guard.

Once the idea had taken form, it grew. His teacher told him, "write to Dogs For Defense, Inc., New York, telling them all about your dog. If they want him, they will make all the arrangements."

A MONTH AFTER Frank wrote the letter, Tim was accepted and sent to a training center. Several weeks later, he received a report that the dog was training well. And two months after Tim first entered the kennels, Frank was notified that he had completed training and had been turned over to the Coast Guard for service.

Letters from Charlie and Bill came now and then, but with no regularity. Frank spent a good deal of time wondering what they were doing. Charlie, it appeared, was on an oil tanker; that was the extent of their knowledge. Bill was stationed at some Gulf port.

One day, the local newspaper carried a story of an oil tanker submarined in the Gulf. The crew had taken to life boats, but several men were still unaccounted for.

Frank trembled with fear, and asked, "Gee, Dad, do you think one of them is Charlie? He's on a tanker, isn't he?"

"Well, that's what we think, from Charlie's last letter. Don't worry about it, son; chances are Charlie wasn't on that tanker."

Two weeks passed uneventfully. Then the Madden family's peace was suddenly shattered by a telegram from the Navy Department stating Charlie was missing at sea.

Finally, one Sunday morning when the gloom was thicker than usual, despair gave way to gaiety. They had just finished

breakfast, when a messenger boy brought another telegram. Frank's father tore open the envelope with shaking hands. Then he gave a shout.

"It's from Bill," he exclaimed. "Charlie's in a hospital in Galveston but is all right. Bill's leaving for there and will keep us informed. Says Tim's a hero. . . ."

Their relief was marvelous. What had begun as just another day of hoping against hope, now turned into one of thanksgiving. Frank couldn't keep still. When he wasn't talking to one of his parents about the good news, he was roaming from one room to another, whistling as he went.

What really puzzled them though, was Bill's reference to Tim. What had the dog done?

WHEN THE LETTER finally came, it seemed they couldn't have waited another day. Frank ran with it to his mother, to whom it was addressed. When she took the sheets from the envelope her hands trembled and a little moisture gathered on her upper lip.

"Dear Mom," the letter began. "Guess you were all surprised to get my telegram. Well, I might as well start at the beginning but first, there's nothing to worry about. Charlie will be out in a few days.

"There was plenty of excitement when word reached us from the Guard fifty miles up the beach that five men had been washed up on some rocks in a life boat. When I found out that one of the men was Charlie, you can imagine how I felt. And, when I heard the men had been taken to a hospital in Galveston, I didn't waste any time asking for leave and going there.

"But what really floored me was the part Tim played. From what Charlie and the members of the Guard tell me, Tim really was the hero and gets the

credit, although Frank deserves a lot of it for enlisting Tim. . . ."

"The guard on duty," the letter went on, "said he and the dog assigned to him were patrolling the beach in that section. It was two in the morning, and a chilly rain added to their otherwise cheerless surroundings. Suddenly the dog began acting strangely, standing at attention and growling softly. The guard strained his ears but heard nothing unusual. But the dog kept it up and finally led him to a rocky part of the beach.

"The dog stood there, tense, looking steadily out to sea. The guard saw nothing except the waves breaking over the rocks. The rain made vision particularly difficult. Finally, the guard notified headquarters and two other members were assigned to help.

"Through their field glasses they located the life boat smashed against one of the rocks. They launched their boat and after a rough trip they reached the men and brought them in. The men were weak and their clothes ragged and covered with oil. The guard said they couldn't have lasted another hour.

"Charlie told me at the hospital that he came to to find Tim nuzzling his face. Yours lovingly, Bill."

SEVERAL HOURS later when Frank and his parents had talked themselves out, and Frank had been congratulated over and over for his part in the rescue, his father summed up the situation.

"It shows," he said, "that everyone can help in some way to win the war. Frank was too young to enlist himself, but he sent Tim, who saved precious lives, including Charlie's. And dogs like him are going to be heard from a lot of times before this war's over."

The End.

DAN'L FLANNEL

PRESENTING
"GEN'L'MAN
DAN'L."

by
SCHROTTER



WHEN DAN'L FLANNEL YEARNS FOR
CULTURE AND FINESSE, HE FINDS
HIS FISTS HANDY TOOLS
TO THAT GENTLEMANLY
END!

AFTER MUCH
DISCUSSION...

ALL RIGHT, DAN'L. AH
GIVES YO' PERMISSION
TO GO- AN'
HYAR'S TWO
DOLLARS,
TO BOOT.

UNCLE
DUD, YO'
IS
WUNNERFUL!

ONE DAY UNCLE DUD BECOMES
FLABBERGASTED WHEN...

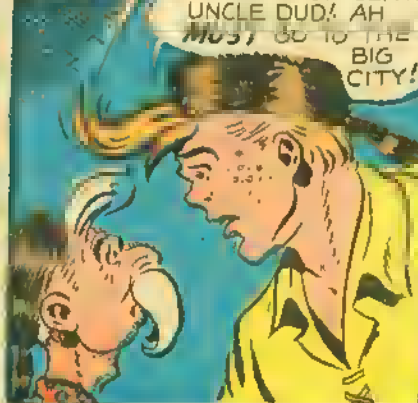
WHAT IN TARNATION
DOES YO' WANT
TO GO TO THE
BIG CITY FER?

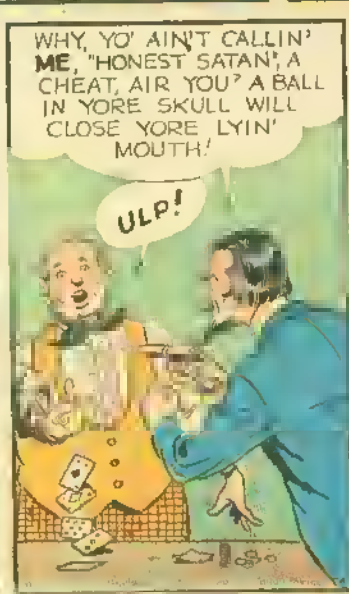
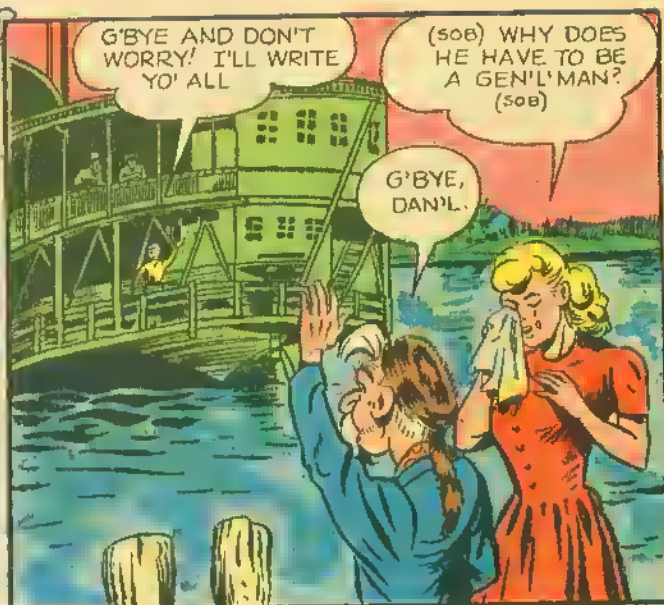
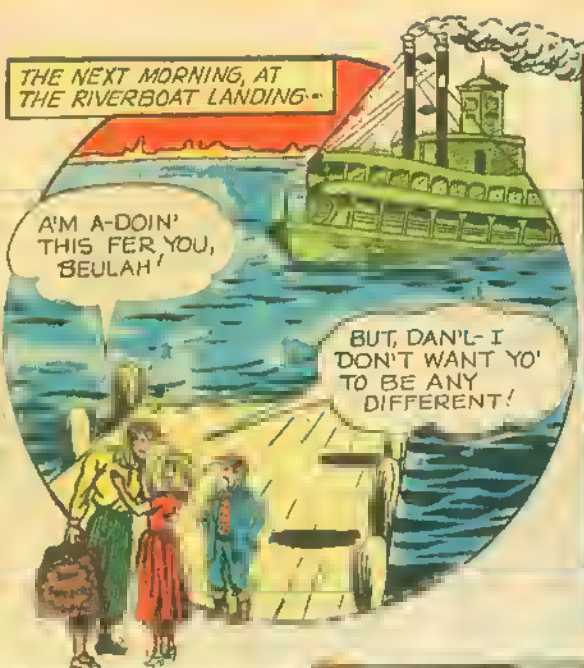
CAUSE
AH'VE
DECIDED TO
BECOME A
GEN'L'MAN!

A GEN'L'MAN?
WHUT DOES
YO' THINK
YO' AIR
NOW-
A POLECAT?

NO, BUT AH NEEDS
CULCHER AND
REEFINEMENTS TO
BE A REEL GEN'L'MAN.
AN' AH CAIN'T FIND
THET HERE IN
HOMESPUN CENTER,
UNCLE DUD! AH

MUST GO TO THE
BIG CITY!

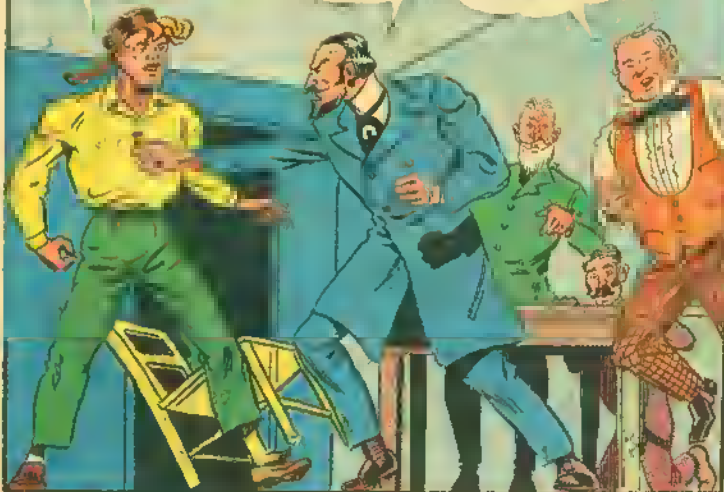




SIR, YOU ARE
NO 'GEN'L'MAN!

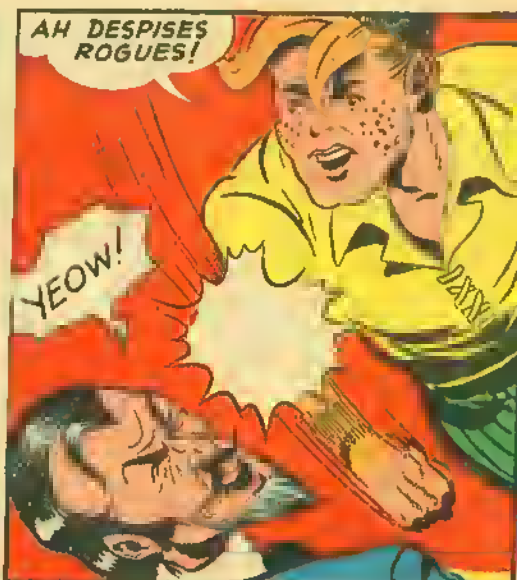
UPSTART!
I'LL...

DUCK!
IT'S A
FIGHT!

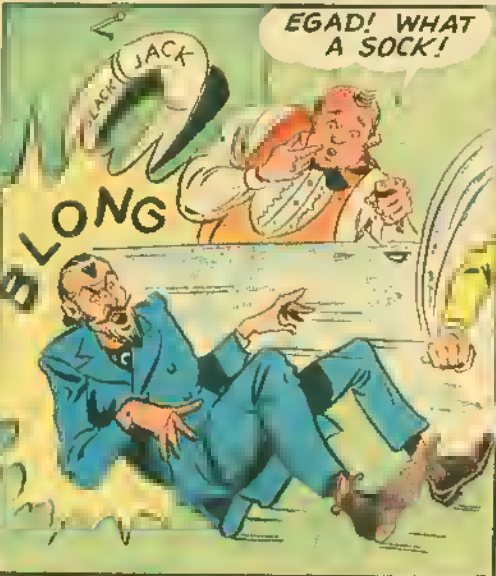


AH DESPISES
ROGUES!

YEOW!



EGAD! WHAT
A SOCK!

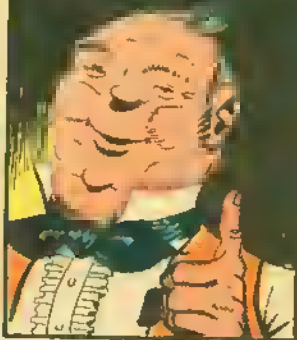


MY BOY, ALLOW
ME TO INTRODUCE
MYSELF- CHARITY
JONES IS THE
NAME.

WHUFFOR
THEY
CALL
YOU
THET?

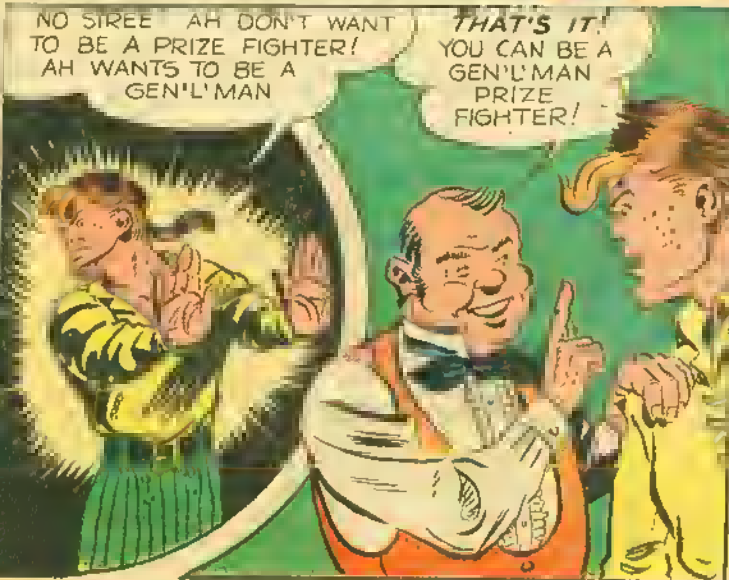


'CAUSE I LOSE ALL
MY MONEY BETTIN'
ON FIGHTS- LOSE SO
MUCH THEY CALL ME
'CHARITY'... SON,
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE
TO BE A PRIZE FIGHTER
MANAGED BY ME?



NO SIREE AH DONT WANT
TO BE A PRIZE FIGHTER!
AH WANTS TO BE A
GEN'L'MAN

THAT'S IT!
YOU CAN BE A
GEN'L'MAN
PRIZE
FIGHTER!



YOU'RE RIGHT! EEMAGINE
ME- 'GEN'L'MAN
DAN'L FLANNEL! I'LL
DO IT, CHARITY!
WHEN DOES AH
FIGHT?

SOON'S AH
CAN BOOK A
MATCH WITH
BIG CITY, YOU'LL
BE ON YOUR
WAY, GEN'L'MAN
DAN. LET'S
GO!



LATER, IN THE BIG CITY...

DAN'L, YO' FIGHTS YORE FIRST FIGHT TONIGHT WITH 'BEAT 'EM UP BARNABY'.

UGH! SECH A REEVOLVIN' NAME!

THE BOYS GO TO THEIR CORNERS

WEAR HIM DOWN, BARNABY!

AND THE MATCH WILL BE CONTESTED ACCORDING TO THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY RULES.

NERVOUS, GEN'L'MAN DAN'L?

NO - AT LEAST AH HOPES AH ISN'T!

AT THE SOUND OF THE BELL, ROUND ONE STARTS.

CRACK!

THA WINNERRR- GEN'L'MAN DAN'L!

WHUT HAPPENED?

BUT THE AUDIENCE IS FAR FROM PLEASED. HEY! WHERE'S THE FIGHT?

YEAH! WE WANT OUR MONEY BACK!

SHORTEST FIGHT I EVER SAW!

BEAT-'EM-UP BARNABY RUNS FOR DAN'L - DAN'L STANDS HIS GROUND, RAISES HIS FIST - AND...

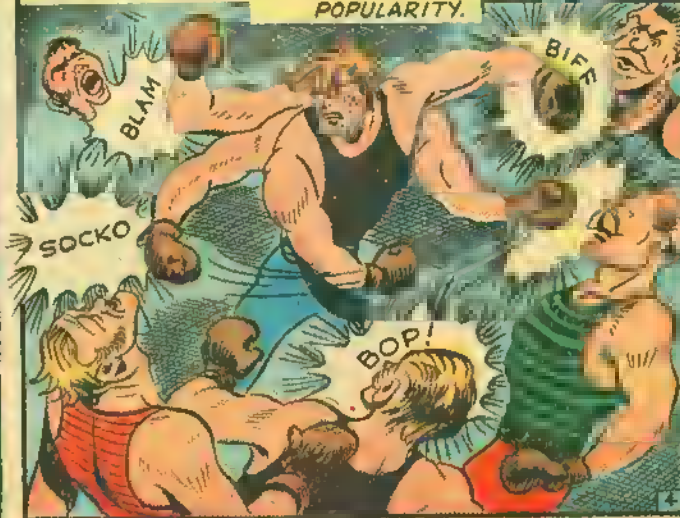
THE FASTEST FIGHT IN HISTORY - AND CHARITY JONES COLLECTS THE WINNINGS!

DON'T RUSH, GEN'L'MEN - GIVE TO CHARITY!

BAH! DIDN'T EVEN GET A RUN FOR OUR MONEY!

EASIEST DOUGH YOU EVER EARNED!

SOCKING, SMASHING, HITTING - GEN'L'MAN DAN'L PLANELL RISES TO THE PINNACLE OF FISTICUFF POPULARITY.



AND MONTHS LATER...

GEE! WHO'S THAT A-COMIN'?

WHY, DONTCHA KNOW?

BOOTS & SHOES

THASS GEN'L'MAN DAN'L FLANNEL, THE FIGHTER!

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE POPULAR, GEN'L'MAN DAN'L?

ELEGANT! WISH BEULAH BELLE COULD SEE ME NOW, STEPPIN' OUT IN REAL SOCIETY!

YEAH? GEE!

THE TWO ARRIVE AT THE "SOCIETY PARTY".

WHO'S THE WIF ALL THE WOMEN-FOLK?

BY GREGOR! IT'S THE **WORLD'S CHAMP!** SOME DAY YOU'LL BE FIGHTIN' HIM, DAN'L!

LOOK WHO'S HERE!

IT'S GEN'L'MAN DAN'L!

AW! WHAT YOU WANT WITH THAT PATTY CAKE!

I'VE GOT IT! FIGHT! I'LL CHALLENGE HIM TO A FIGHT- I'LL MASH HIS FACE IN! THEN HE'LL BE SO UGLY THE GALS WILL NEVER GO AFTER HIM AGAIN! AH! THERE'S CHARITY JONES, HIS MANAGER!

GEN'L'MAN DAN'L, SIGN MY DANCE CARD.

I THINK YOU ARE WONDERFUL! (SIGH)

GULP!

DRAT IT! JUS' CAUSE HE'S A HANDSOME YOUNG CARD IS NO REASON FOR THOSE GALS TO DESERT ME- **THE CHAMP!**

CHARITY JONES, HIS MANAGER!

LISSEN, CHARITY!
I WANT TO FIGHT
GEN'L'MAN DAN'L
FLANNEL FOR THE
CHAMPIONSHIP

GULP

AS DAN'L'S MANAGER
CHARITY ACCEPTS.

GOOD!
WE'LL
FIGHT

FOR A PURSE OF TEN
THOUSAND DOLLARS—
WINNER TAKES ALL...
INCLUDING THE
GALS (CHUCKLE)!

AS THE EXCITING
NEWS GOES AROUND...

SAY—
AIN'T
THET

"HONEST SATAN", THE
CARD CHEATER I
WALLOPED ON THE
BOAT?

HRUMPH! IF IT AIN'T THE
YOUNG ROGUE WHO
HUMILIATED ME ON THE
BOAT!... SC- HE'S GOING
TO FIGHT THE CHAMP,
EH?

I'LL FIX HIM! AH—THERE'S THE FELLOW
I WANT TO SEE!

EH? OH, IT'S
YOU, SATAN.
G'WAY! NO
GAMBLIN' FER ME!

HELLO,
CHAMP!

NO, CHAMP— NO GAMBLING
BUT I HAVE A PLAN
TO MAKE SURE YOU
WIN THE FIGHT

YOU HAVE,
EH?

DOES IT
RESEMBLE
THIS ONE?

SOCK

YEOW

THAT'S THE ONLY
WAY I'LL WIN
MY FIGHTS!

OW!
LET GO!

BESIDES, I WANT THE PLEASURE
OF SMASHIN' GEN'L'MAN
DAN'L'S FACE!

MUST YOU
LEAVE SO
SOON?

JUST FOR THAT,
I'LL GET EVEN WITH
THE TWO OF THEM.
JUST WAIT TILL
THE FIGHT!

AND, BACK IN
HOMESPUN
CENTER, A
WORRIED UNCLE
CALLS UPON
THE LOVELY
BEULAH BELLE.

CONSARN IT!
AIN'T HEERD A
WORD FRUM
DAN'L SINCE
HE LEFT!

BEULAH BELLE,
WHUT AIR YUH
CRYIN' FER?

IT'S DAN'L!
HE'S A GEN'L'MAN
FIGHTER NOW-
AN'- AN-
(sob)

HE'S GOT A FLOCK OF
CITY WOMEN CHASIN' HIM
AROUND. IT SAYS SO IN TH'
PAPER! HE'S GOING TO FIGHT
THE WORLD'S CHAMPION AN'
GET HIMSELF KILLED!

WELL, I'LL BE
A PINCHY
POLECAT!

C'MON, GAL- WE AIR A-GONNA
DO SOMETHIN' 'BOUT THIS.
IT'S HIGH TIME DAN'L
STOPPED THOSE
FANCY
DOIN'S!

W-WHERE
ARE WE GOING,
UNCLE DUD?

WEEKS LATER... THE NIGHT OF
THE FIGHT...

THERE'S
THE
CHAMP!

'RAY,
CHAMP!

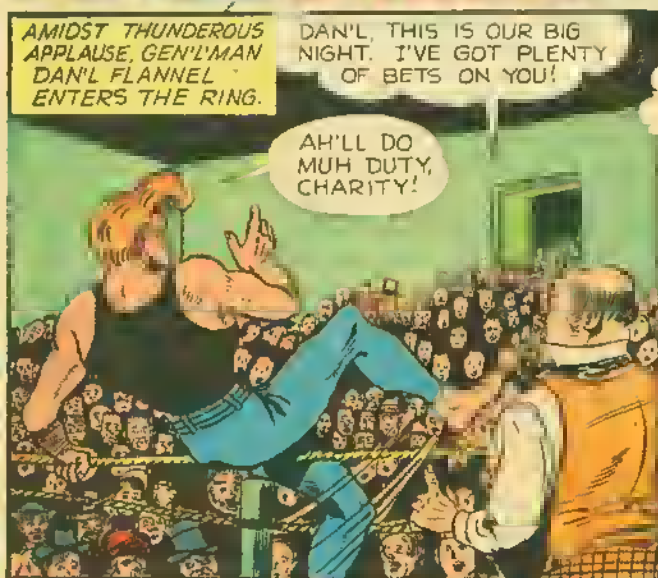
HAH! THEY'RE ALL
HERE TO SEE ME KILL
GEN'L'MAN DAN'L!



AMIDST THUNDEROUS
APPLAUSE, GEN'L'MAN
DAN'L FLANNEL
ENTERS THE RING.

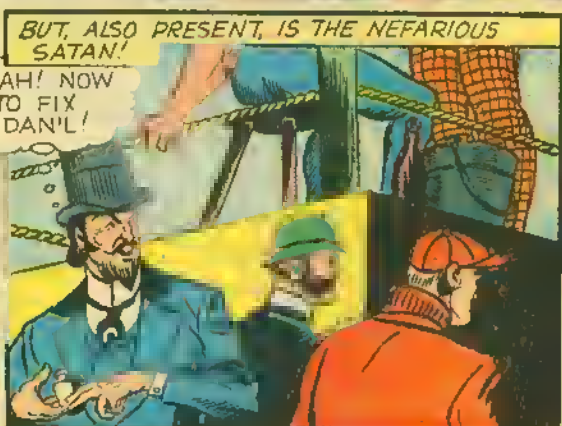
DAN'L, THIS IS OUR BIG
NIGHT. I'VE GOT PLENTY
OF BETS ON YOU!

AH! I'LL DO
MUH DUTY,
CHARITY!



BUT, ALSO PRESENT, IS THE NEFARIOUS
SATAN!

AH! NOW
TO FIX
DAN'L!



THE 'DOCTORED' WATER TAKES EFFECT...

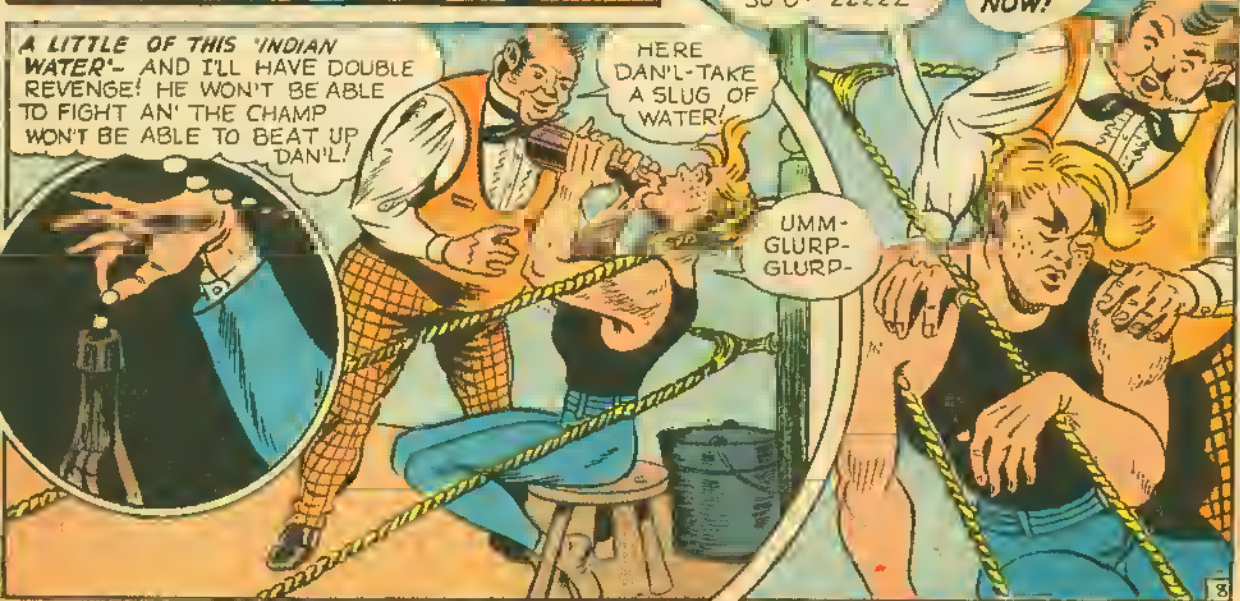
(YAWN) AH FEELS
SLEEPY- SO-O
SLEEPY! (YAWN)
SO-O- ZZZZZ!

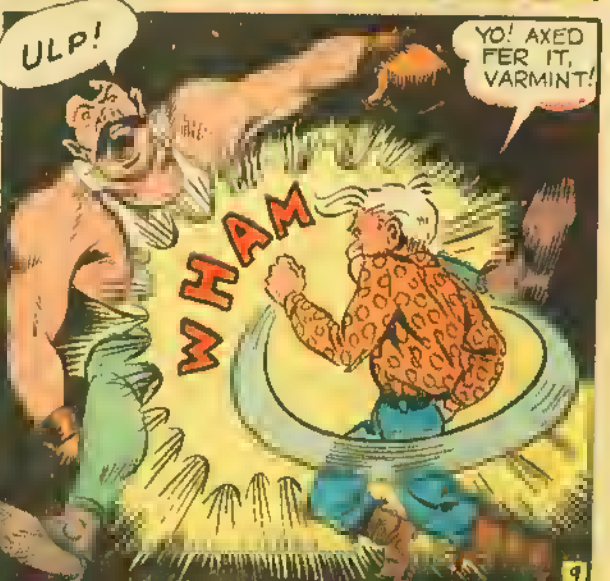
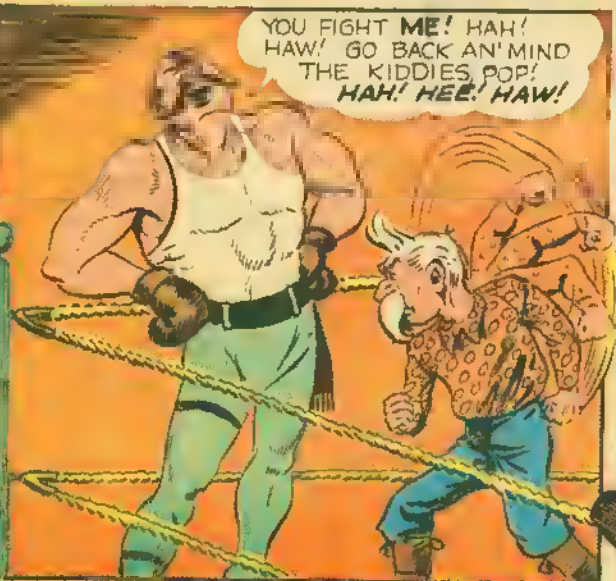
DAN'L- DAN'L!
YUH CAN'T
SLEEP
NOW!

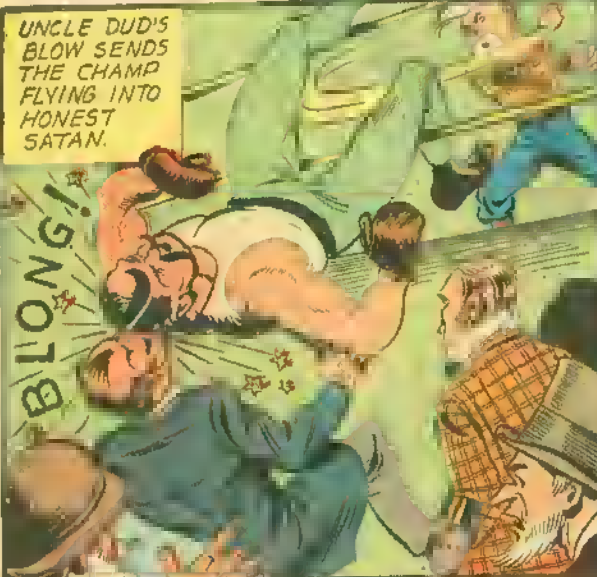
A LITTLE OF THIS 'INDIAN
WATER'- AND I'LL HAVE DOUBLE
REVENGE! HE WON'T BE ABLE
TO FIGHT AN' THE CHAMP
WON'T BE ABLE TO BEAT UP
DAN'L!

HERE
DAN'L-TAKE
A SLUG OF
WATER!

UMM-
GLURP-
GLURP-

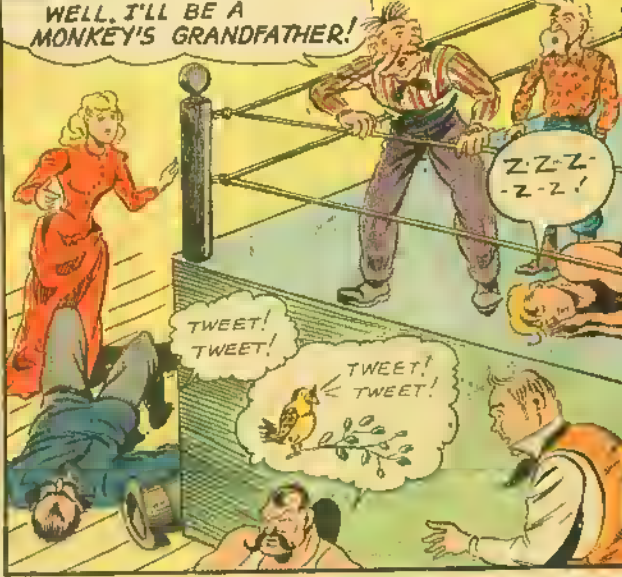






UNCLE DUD'S
BLOW SENDS
THE CHAMP
FLYING INTO
HONEST
SATAN.

BLOO!

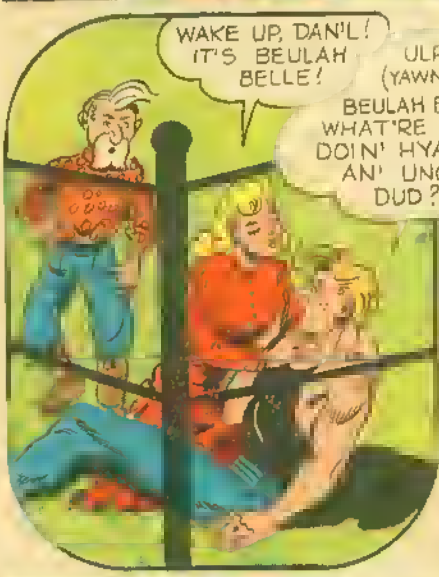


WELL, I'LL BE A
MONKEY'S GRANDFATHER!

Z-Z-Z-
-Z-Z-

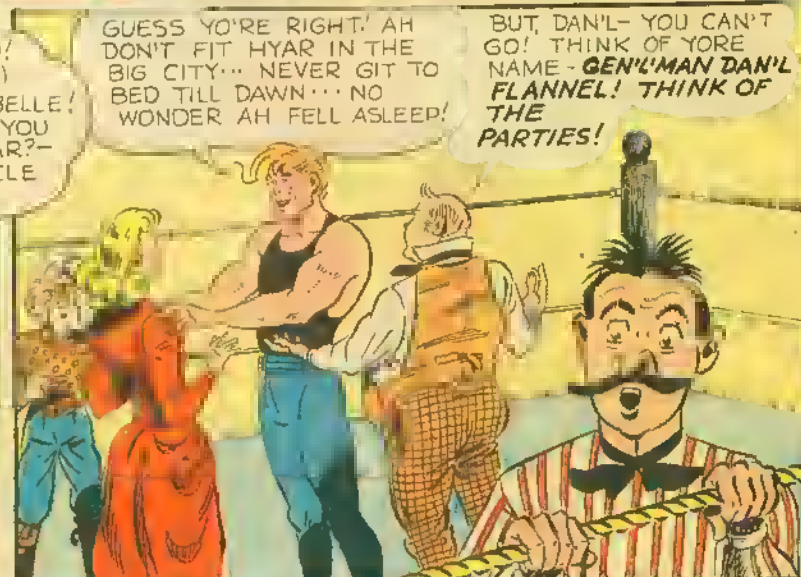
TWEET!
TWEET!

TWEET!
TWEET!



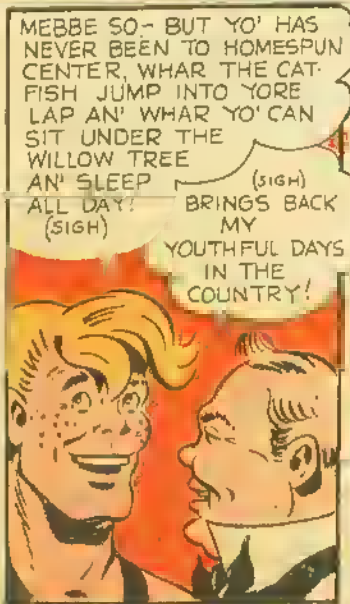
WAKE UP, DAN'L!
IT'S BEULAH
BELLE!

ULP!
(YAWN)
BEULAH BELLE!
WHAT'RE YOU
DOIN' HYAR?—
AN' UNCLE
DUD?



GUESS YO'RE RIGHT! AH
DON'T FIT HYAR IN THE
BIG CITY... NEVER GIT TO
BED TILL DAWN... NO
WONDER AH FELL ASLEEP!

BUT, DAN'L— YOU CAN'T
GO! THINK OF YORE
NAME— **GEN'L'MAN DAN'L
FLANNEL!** THINK OF
THE
PARTIES!



MEBBE SO— BUT YO' HAS
NEVER BEEN TO HOMESPUN
CENTER, WHAR THE CAT-
FISH JUMP INTO YORE
LAP AN' WHAR YO' CAN
SIT UNDER THE
WILLOW TREE
AN' SLEEP
ALL DAY!
(SIGH)

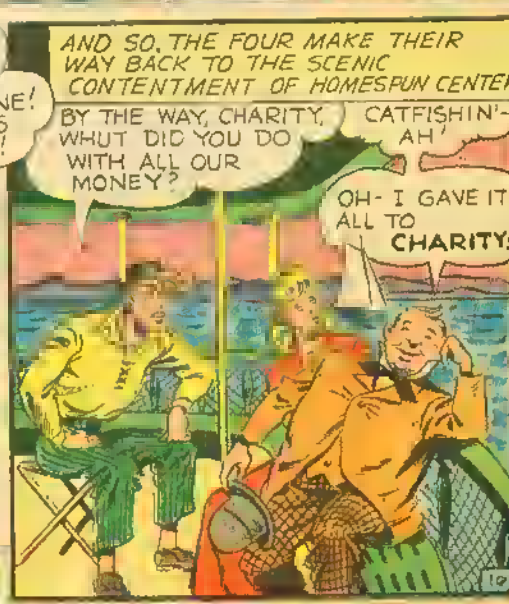
(SIGH)
BRINGS BACK
MY
YOUTHFUL DAYS
IN THE
COUNTRY!



THAT SETTLES
IT! I'M GOING
TO HOMESPUN
CENTER WITH
YOU!

BE GLAD
TUH HAVE
YUH!

FINE!
LET'S
GO!



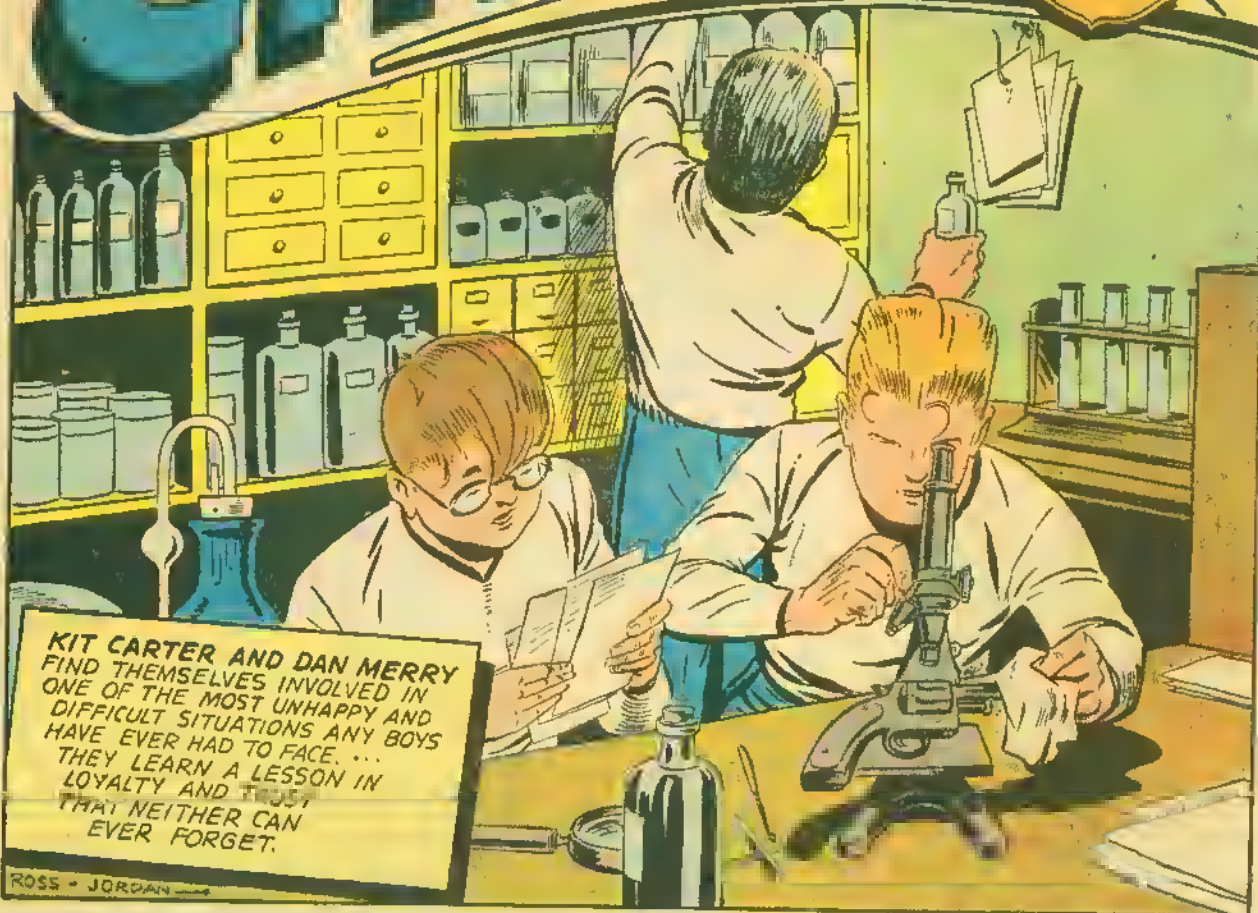
AND SO, THE FOUR MAKE THEIR
WAY BACK TO THE SCENIC
CONTENTMENT OF HOMESPUN CENTER

BY THE WAY, CHARITY,
WHUT DID YOU DO
WITH ALL OUR
MONEY?

CATFISHIN'—
AH!

OH— I GAVE IT
ALL TO
CHARITY!

The CADET



KIT CARTER AND DAN MERRY
FIND THEMSELVES INVOLVED IN
ONE OF THE MOST UNHAPPY AND
DIFFICULT SITUATIONS ANY BOYS
HAVE EVER HAD TO FACE. ...
THEY LEARN A LESSON IN
LOYALTY AND TRUST
THAT NEITHER CAN
EVER FORGET.

ROSS • JORDAN

LATE ONE NIGHT, OUTSIDE THE
DORMITORY AT DAUNTON
MILITARY ACADEMY...



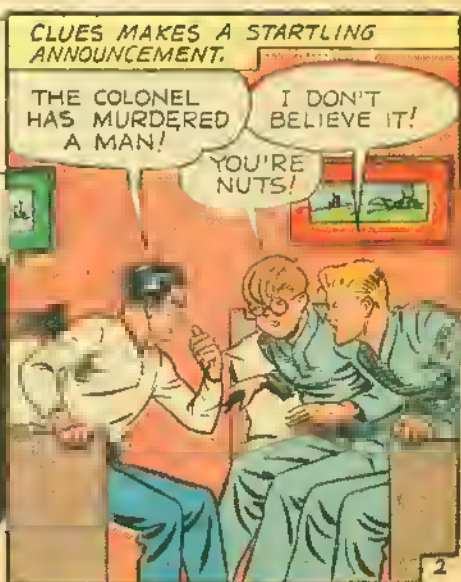
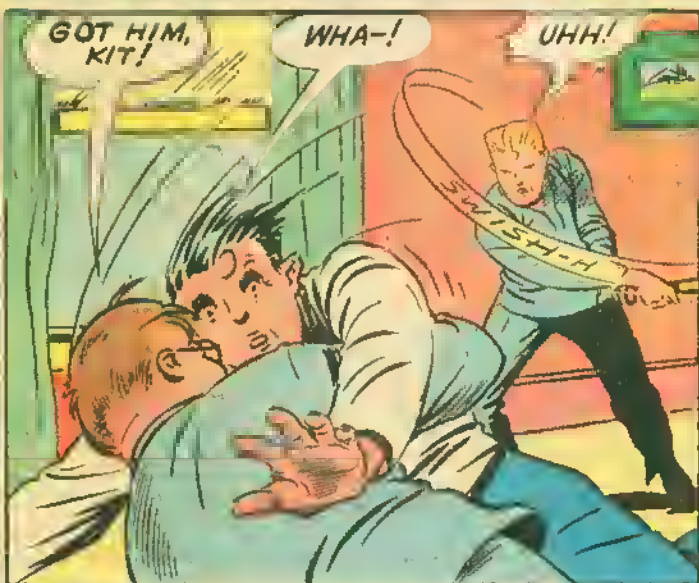
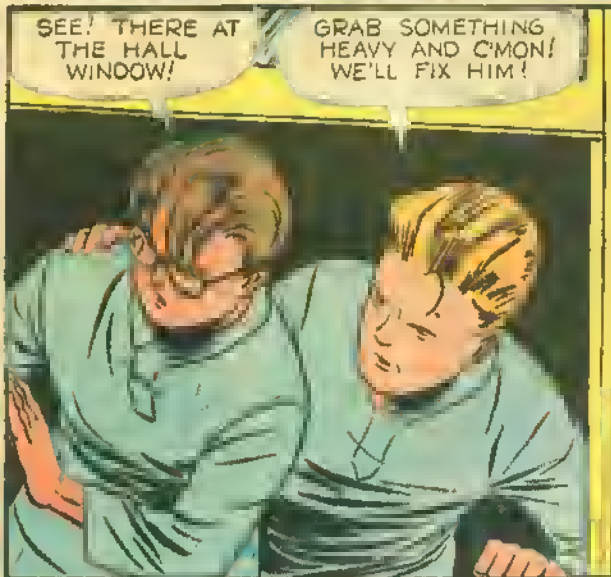
DARN! IT WOULD
BE LOCKED!

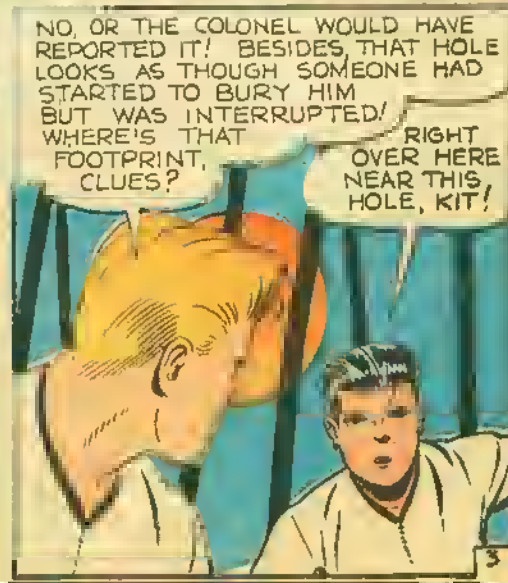
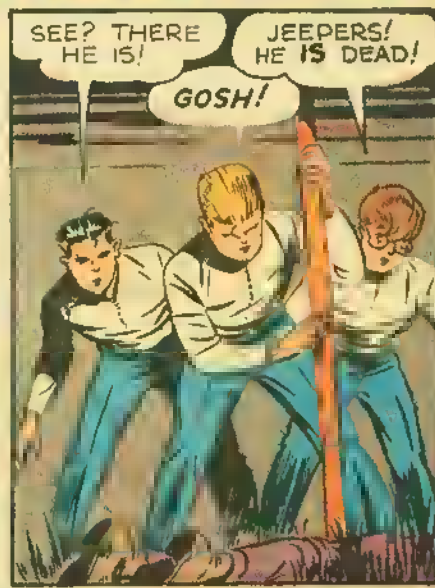
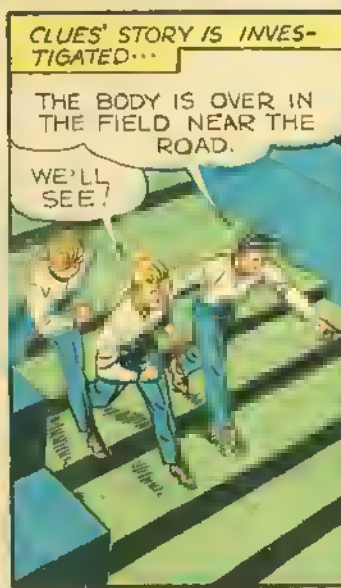


KIT! KIT! WAKE UP!
SOME ONE'S TRYING
TO BREAK IN!

HUH?
WHAT?







GOSH! THAT'S THE COLONEL'S ALL RIGHT! AND HE HAS THOSE SHOES MADE SPECIAL I'LL BET THERE ARE NO OTHERS LIKE THEM.

HOW? I TOOK A CAST OF IT BEFORE

OH! I FORGOT YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT. I HAVE A LABORATORY DOWN IN THE TUNNEL THAT RUNS UNDER THE SCHOOL GROUNDS. THERE'S AN ENTRANCE OVER NEAR THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS A TUNNEL UNDER THE SCHOOL

I FOUND OUT ABOUT IT IN AN OLD HISTORY BOOK. DAUNTON WAS A FORT IN CIVIL WAR DAYS. THE TUNNEL CONNECTED THE MAIN STOCKADE WITH THE OUTBUILDINGS OF THE FORT

GEE! IF ANYTHING SHOULD COME UP, WE COULD HIDE THE COLONEL DOWN HERE

GEE, GOSH! WHAT A LAYOUT! SAY, WHO ARE YOU... J. EDGAR HOOVER?

MY DAD'S IN THE F.B.I., AND I WANT TO GET INTO IT, TOO. HE GAVE ME ALL THIS STUFF. I DIDN'T TELL ANYONE 'CAUSE I DIDN'T WANT THE FELLOWS TO MAKE FUN OF ME.

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT, KIT. MAYBE WE CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT IT WAS.

WE'VE GOT TO SEE THAT NOTHING DOES COME UP! EVEN IF THE COLONEL DID MURDER THAT MAN, HE MUST HAVE HAD A GOOD REASON.

WELL, CLUES, I GUESS YOU KNOW MOST ABOUT THIS - SO YOU TELL US WHAT WE CAN DO.

HERE'S THE CAST OF THE SHOE PRINT. HERE'S A SAMPLE OF THE MUD, THE FINGERPRINTS I TOOK FROM THE SPACE, AND A SAMPLE OF CLOTH FROM THE DEAD MAN'S SUIT.

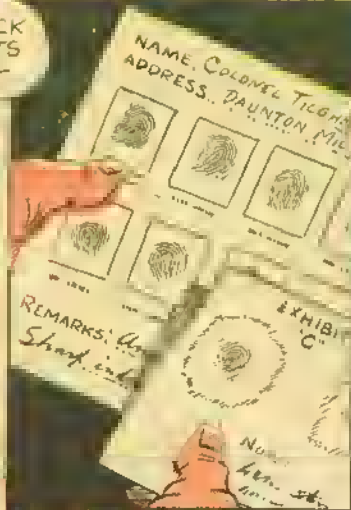
BUT WHAT GOOD DOES THIS STUFF DO US?

YOU KNOW, WE REALLY DON'T HAVE PROOF THAT THE COLONEL DID DO IT!

I'M GOING TO CHECK THE FINGERPRINTS NOW. I TOOK EVERYBODY'S, JUST FOR PRACTICE. HERE'S THE COLONEL'S!

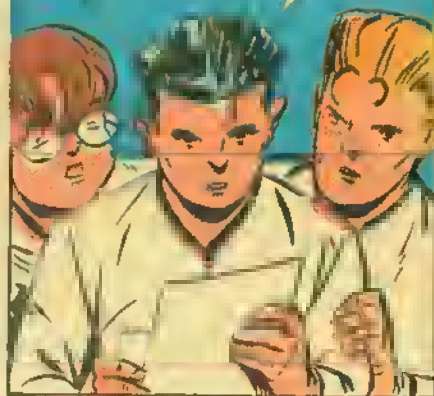


THE FINGERPRINTS MATCH PERFECTLY.



THEY'RE THE SAME ALL RIGHT! DO WE HAVE TO TELL THE POLICE?

I DON'T KNOW, KIT. WHAT DO YOU THINK?



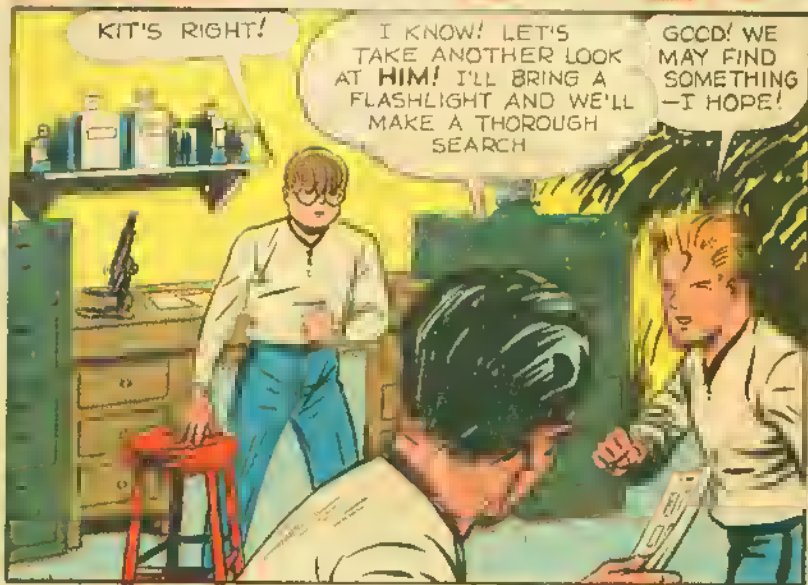
WE CAN'T JUST TURN HIM OVER TO THE POLICE. I KNOW IT'S WRONG— BUT... THERE MUST BE A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE AND WE HAVE TO FIND IT!



KIT'S RIGHT!

I KNOW! LET'S TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT HIM! I'LL BRING A FLASHLIGHT AND WE'LL MAKE A THOROUGH SEARCH

GOOD! WE MAY FIND SOMETHING—I HOPE!



BACK AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...

HIS CLOTHES ARE AWFULLY WORN!

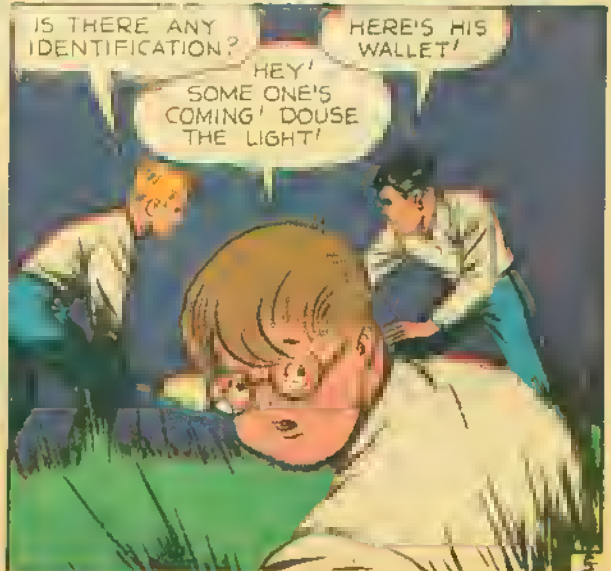
BUT THEY MUST HAVE BEEN GOOD, ONCE!



IS THERE ANY IDENTIFICATION?

HERE'S HIS WALLET!

HEY! SOME ONE'S COMING! DOUSE THE LIGHT!



THE THREE BOYS DUCK INTO SOME BUSHES...

HEY! WHO'S THERE?
HMM... GUESS IT WAS THE
MOONLIGHT PLAYING
TRICKS. THOUGHT
I SAW THREE MEN.

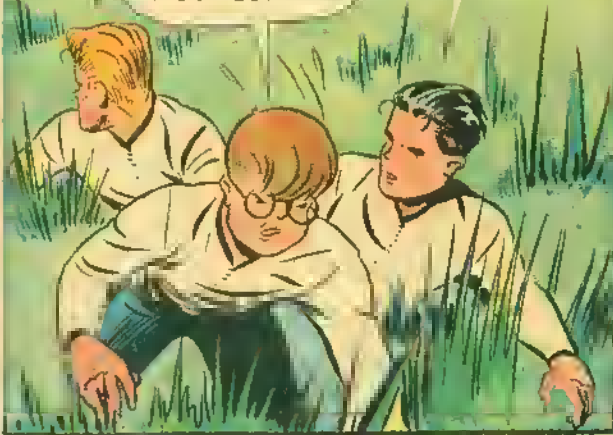
IT'S THE NIGHT
WATCHMAN!



HE'S GONE
NOW.

WE'D BETTER GET
BACK TO THE DORM, IN
CASE HE GETS SUSPICIOUS.

DARN
THESE BUSHES!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

HEY, FELLOWS!
ARE YOU
AWAKE?



AWAKE? WE HAVEN'T SLEPT!
WHAT'S-UP?

I'M NOT SURE,
BUT SOMETHING IS
GOING ON, OUTSIDE.



THE BOYS RUSH OUT...

LOOK! THEY FOUND OUT!
THEY'RE ARRESTING
THE COLONEL!

WE
CAN'T
LET THEM
DO THAT!

IT LOOKS
BAD!

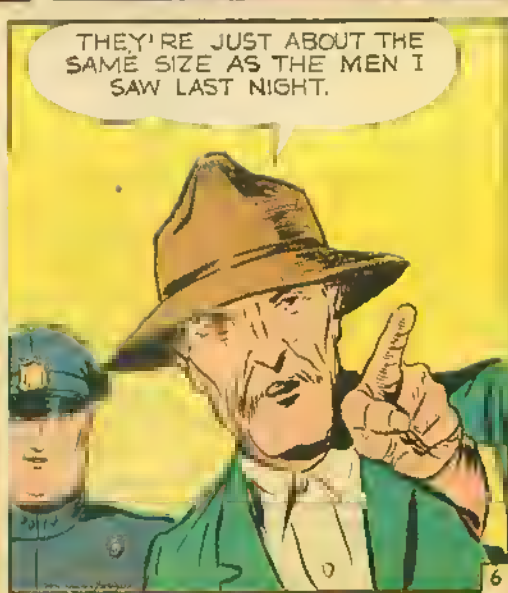


MEANWHILE...

THERE MUST BE SOME
MISTAKE, CAPTAIN. THERE
ARE THE BOYS NOW. **DAN!**
KIT! COME HERE, PLEASE!



THEY'RE JUST ABOUT THE
SAME SIZE AS THE MEN I
SAW LAST NIGHT.

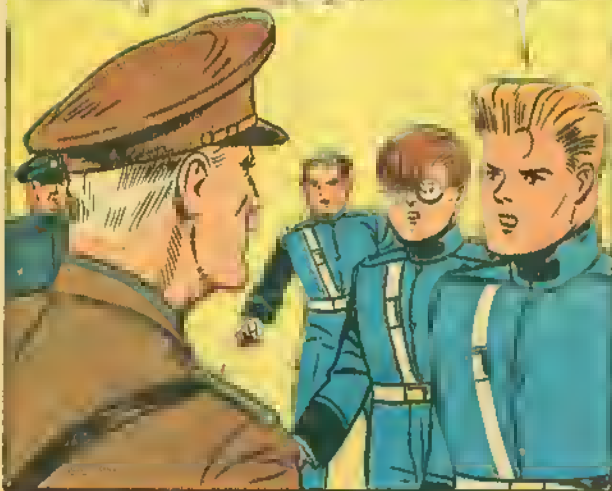


BOYS, WERE YOU OUT OF THE DORMITORY LAST NIGHT?

WHY... ER... YES, SIR!

WERE YOU, BY ANY CHANCE, OVER IN THE FIELD, BEHIND THE ACADEMY?

Y-YES, SIR, WE WERE.



A MAN WAS FOUND DEAD THERE, UNDER SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES... AND THIS WAS FOUND NEAR THE BODY. DAN, THIS PEN IS YOURS, ISN'T IT?



A SURPRISING TURN OF EVENTS!

HUH? YES... IT'S MINE. I MUST HAVE DROPPED IT WHEN...

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, SIR?



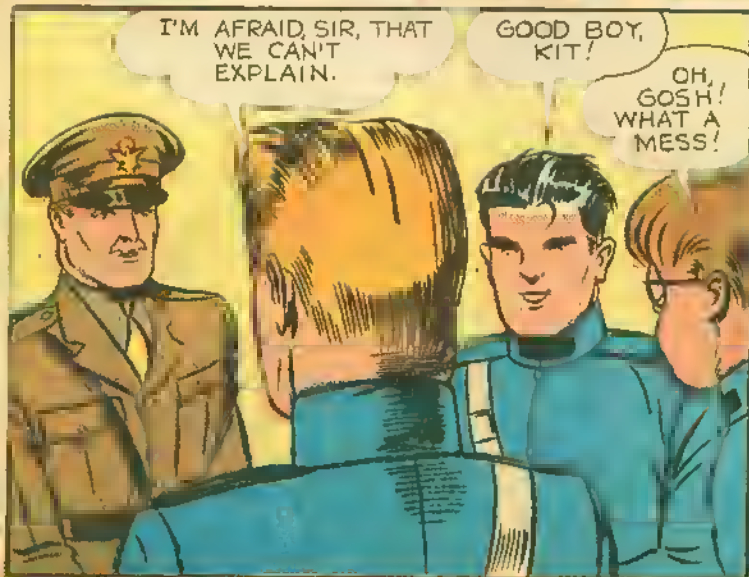
I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU BOYS WHAT YOU WERE DOING AT THAT PARTICULAR SPOT LAST NIGHT.



I'M AFRAID, SIR, THAT WE CAN'T EXPLAIN.

GOOD BOY, KIT!

OH, GOSH! WHAT A MESS!



YOU'LL TELL, ALL RIGHT! YOU THREE BOYS ARE COMING DOWN TO THE POLICE STATION WITH ME... **ON SUSPICION OF MURDER!**



THE THREE BOYS ARE LED AWAY...

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS—
JUST TRIP THAT COP BEHIND
ME IF HE STARTS TO CHASE
ME WHEN I MAKE A
BREAK FOR IT!

GYMNASIUM

POLICE

NOW!

OKAY, CLUES!

HEY! STOP!
OOOF!

CLUES MAKES A GET-AWAY!

... AND HEADS FOR HIS
CRIME LABORATORY

IF ONLY I CAN CHECK UP
ON THAT GUY, MAYBE I
CAN GET US OUT OF THIS
MESS... I STILL HAVE HIS
WALLET

I'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL IT'S
DARK TO MAIL THIS BUT MAYBE
DAD CAN FIND OUT ABOUT THIS
WADE FELLOW WHO GOT
HIMSELF MURDERED

AND ON THE CAMPUS, THE COPS GIVE UP,
TEMPORARILY.

WE'LL COME BACK AND
HUNT FOR HIM LATER
MEANTIME, THAT'S ALL THE
CONFESSION I NEED TO
BOOK THEM ON

GYM

ON THE WAY TO THE POLICE STATION...

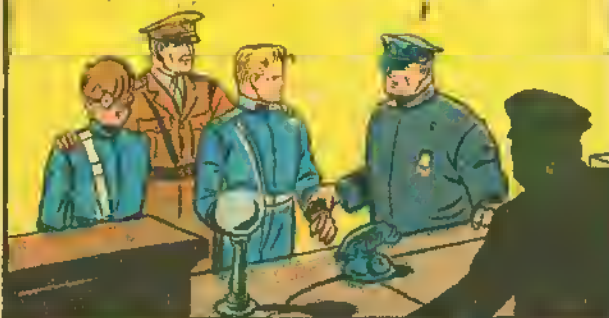
REMEMBER, DAN—
WE DON'T SAY
ANYTHING!

OKAY! SAY WHERE
DO YOU SUPPOSE CLUES
WENT TO, KIT? YOU DON'T
THINK HE'S GONNA GIVE
THE COLONEL AWAY
JUST TO SAVE US,
DO YOU?

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

BUT, CAPTAIN, YOU CAN'T ACCUSE THEM OF MURDER! WHAT REASON WOULD THEY...

PLENTY! THE MOTIVE WAS ROBBERY THE MAN'S WALLET WAS TAKEN, ... BESIDES, THEY'RE NOT BEING ACCUSED OF ANYTHING— JUST HELD ON SUSPICION.



BOYS, YOU DIDN'T DO THIS, I'M SURE. WHY WON'T YOU TELL US WHAT YOU WERE DOING OUT IN THAT FIELD LAST NIGHT AFTER HOURS?

NO SIR, WE DIDN'T COMMIT ANY MURDER OR ROBBERY!

GOSH, COLONEL TILGHMAN, I WISH WE COULD TELL YOU BUT...



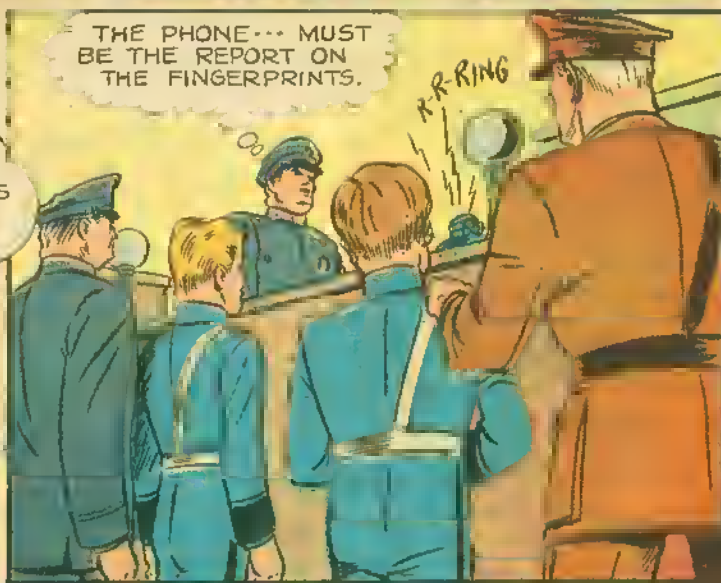
IF YOU DIDN'T DO IT, YOU'RE HIDING SOMETHING AND THAT MAKES YOU ACCOMPLICES! LOCK THEM UP, MAYBE A FEW DAYS IN JAIL WILL CHANGE THEIR MINDS!

HUH! OH, HEY! YOU MEAN WE'RE GOING TO JAIL?

I CAN'T HELP YOU BOYS UNLESS YOU TELL ME WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.



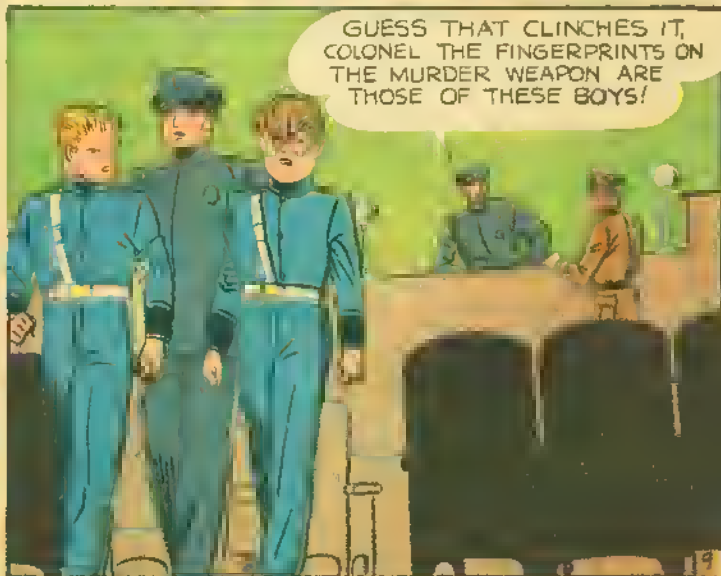
THE PHONE... MUST BE THE REPORT ON THE FINGERPRINTS.

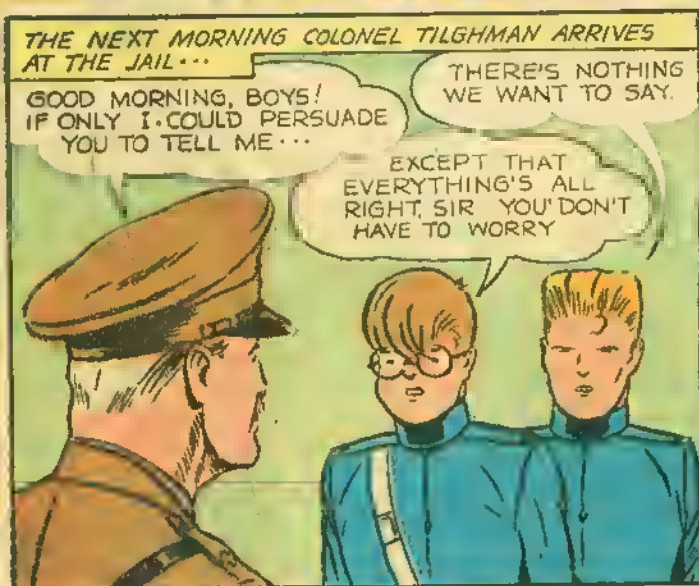
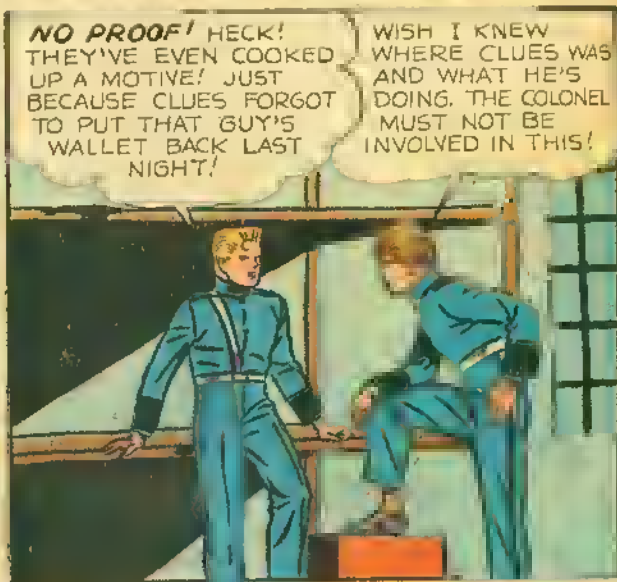


YEAH... UH-HUH! THE PRINTS ON THAT SPADE CHECK WITH THE BOYS' PRINTS, EH? OKAY!



GUESS THAT CLINCHES IT, COLONEL THE FINGERPRINTS ON THE MURDER WEAPON ARE THOSE OF THESE BOYS!





CLUES THINKS FAST!...

WELL... UH... TELL HIM
MR. CASEY IS CALLING.

VERY
WELL.

... AND ABOUT TEN MINUTES
LATER...

WHAT CAN I DO
FOR YOU? LOOKING
FOR A JOB?

WELL, SON, NO, SIR.
BUT I
THINK YOU
CAN GIVE ME
SOME INFORMATION
THAT...

INFORMATION?
I'M SORRY...

OH, BUT I
MUST HAVE
IT! I HAVE TO
FIND OUT ABOUT
A MAN NAMED WADE
WHO APPLIED FOR A
JOB HERE - A COUPLE
OF LIVES DEPEND
ON IT!

THIS IS MOST IRREGULAR
BUT YOU SEEM TO BE
IN EARNEST. LET
ME SEE...

NO ONE BY THAT NAME-
OH, HERE IT IS! HE
APPLIED FOR A JOB
AND WAS REJECTED

WHY, SIR- THAT'S
THE IMPORTANT
THING?

CLUES' EFFORTS AT DETECTING ARE RUDELY
INTERRUPTED.

HERE'S THE BOY,
OFFICER! MY SECRETARY
RECOGNIZED HIM
WHEN HE CAME
IN.

GOOD! THE CHIEF
WANTS HIM!
SLIPPERY LITTLE
MONKEY, THIS ONE!

OH PLEASE!
LET ME GO!
I'VE GOT TO
FIND OUT...

NOW, COME ALONG
QUIETLY! I DON'T
WANT ANY
TROUBLE WITH
YOU

CLUES LANDS IN JAIL, TOO!

HERE'S THE OTHER ONE!

NEVER MIND NOW! I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS.

CADET CASEY! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? WHY DID YOU RUN AWAY?

WHERE DID YOU PICK THIS ONE UP?

THAT'S THE FUNNY PART OF IT! HE WAS AT THE DAUNTON AIRCRAFT COMPANY

SO DESPERATE FOR MONEY HE TOOK A CHANCE ON BEING RECOGNIZED TO GET A JOB. WHAT'VE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

I WON'T SAY ANYTHING UNTIL I CAN SEE COLONEL TILGHMAN ALONE.

PLEASE LET ME SPEAK WITH THE BOY.

THE SERGEANT HAS A HEART

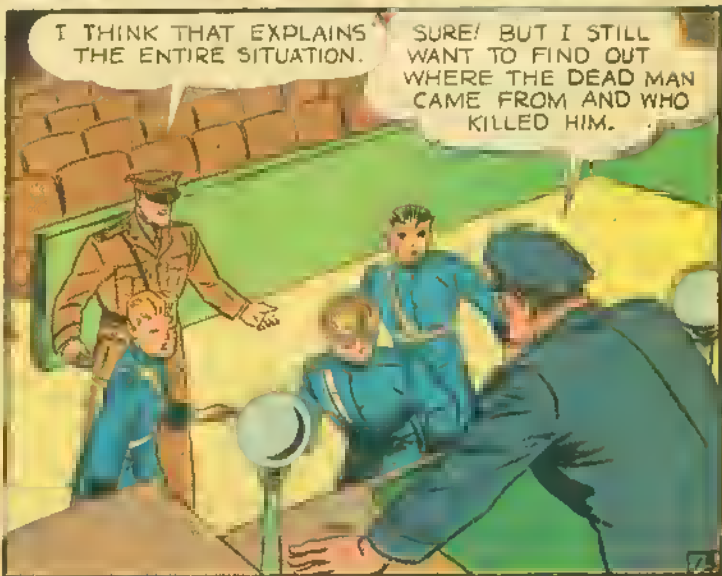
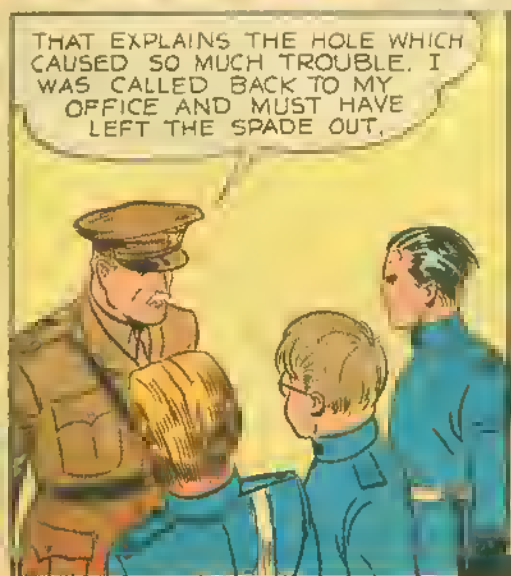
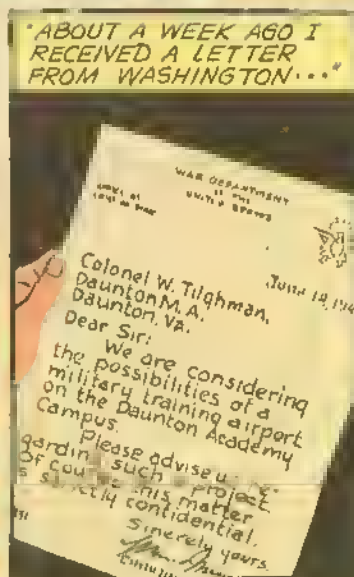
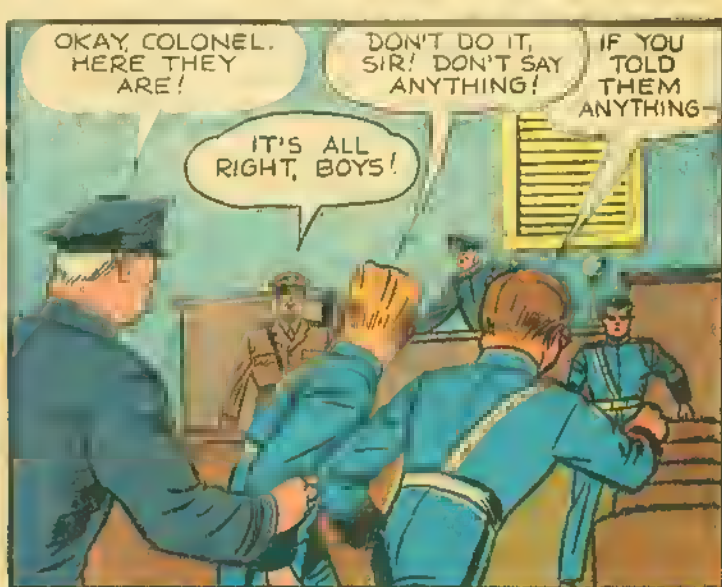
WELL, CLUES, WHAT IS IT?

SIR, WERE YOU IN THAT FIELD RECENTLY?

WELL, YES, CLUES— BUT THAT'S A MILITARY SECRET!

OH, GOSH, SIR! I DON'T UNDERSTAND ... YOU SEE, WE FOUND YOUR FOOTPRINTS IN THE MUD NEAR THE BODY!

WHAT? DO YOU MEAN—? OH, GOOD HEAVENS! COME ON!



I THINK I CAN EXPLAIN
SOME OF IT, SIR!

WELL, IT'S
ABOUT
TIME!

WHEN I DUCKED OUT YESTERDAY, I SENT
ALL THE STUFF I HAD TO MY DAD AT F.B.I.
HEADQUARTERS. I WAS CHECKING UP ON
HIS INFORMATION WHEN THIS COP
BROKE IN AND SPOILED
EVERYTHING.

OKAY, SONNY. TELL IT
YOUR OWN WAY, BUT
LET'S HAVE IT- AND
IT HAD BETTER BE
GOOD! WHO WAS THIS
GUY AND WHY WAS
HE KILLED?

GOSH,
CLUES! I
SURE HOPE
YOU KNOW!

HIS NAME IS WADE. HE COMES FROM
TEXAS- BUT THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT.
YOU SEE, HE TRIED TO GET A JOB
AT THE DAUNTON AIRCRAFT
FACTORY, BUT THEY
TURNED HIM DOWN.

WELL, WHAT'S
THAT GOT TO
DO WITH HIS
MURDER?

PLENTY! YOU SEE, I DON'T
BELIEVE HE WAS MURDERED
AT ALL!

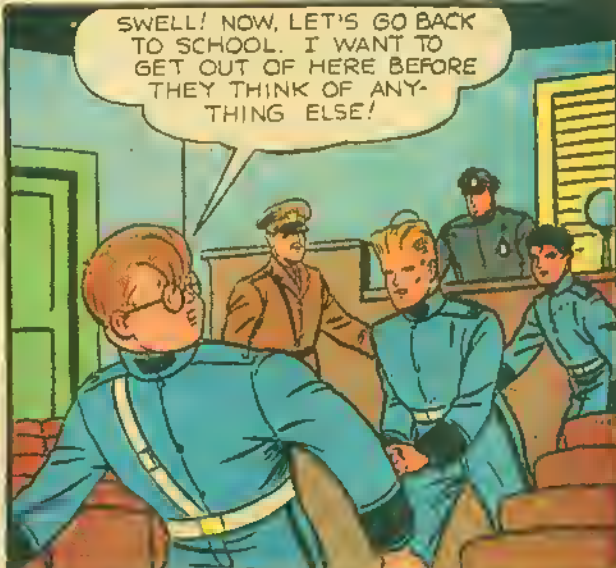
YOU MEAN I SPENT
A NIGHT IN JAIL
FOR NOTHING

ARE YOU SURE?

YOU PROVE IT!

?

CALL THE CORONER AND GET HIS REPORT. I THINK HE'LL TELL YOU THAT WADE DIED FROM A HEART ATTACK. AND IF YOU CALL THE AIRCRAFT COMPANY, THEY CAN VERIFY THE FACT THAT HE COULDN'T GET A JOB BECAUSE OF HEART TROUBLE.



IF YOU'RE SO SMART, MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT WADE WAS DOING IN THE FIELD-- AND WITHOUT ANY MONEY.

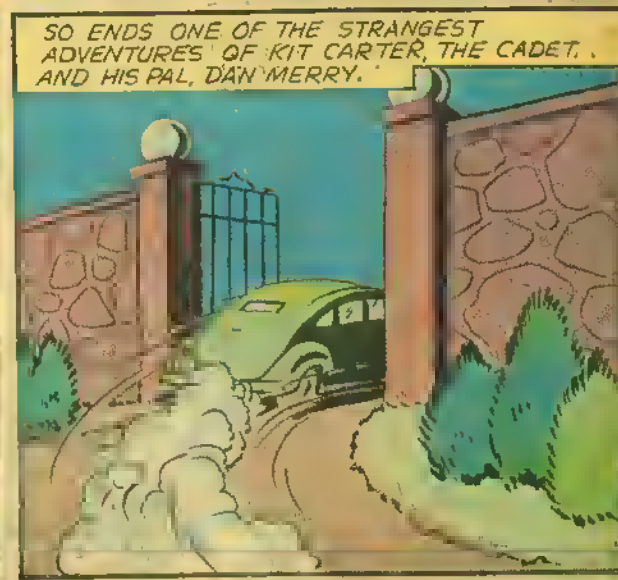
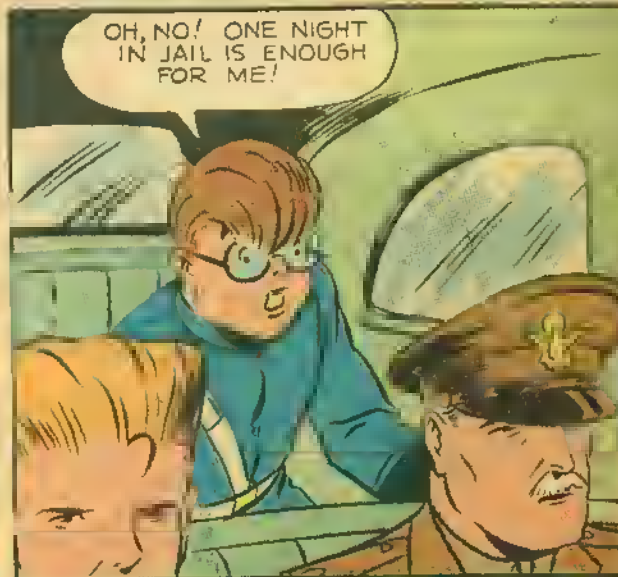
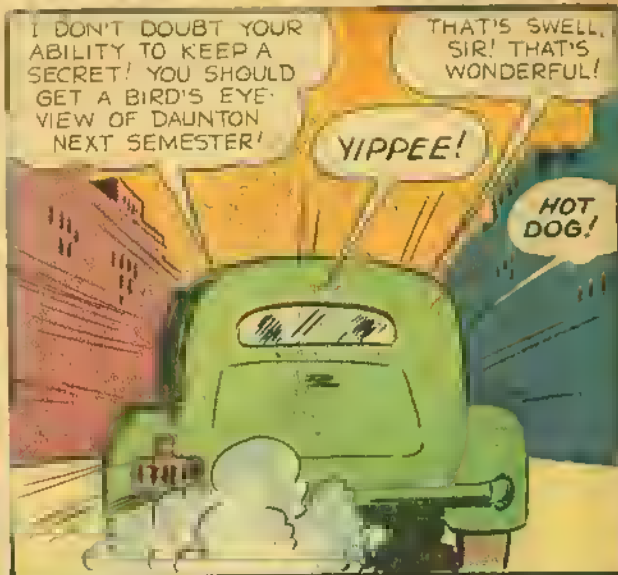
HERE'S THE WALLET, SIR. I NEEDED IT TO CLEAR UP THE MYSTERY. AS FOR WHY HE WAS IN THE FIELD-- MAYBE HE WAS JUST TAKING A WALK.

FINALLY, ALL EXPLANATIONS ARE MADE AND CORROBORATED AND THE BOYS ARE FREE TO LEAVE.

NOW, YOU AMATEUR DICKS, GET ALONG BACK TO SCHOOL AND LET US HAVE A LITTLE PEACE AROUND HERE.

WHEW! AM I GLAD THAT'S OVER!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR THAT NEW AIRPORT OF OURS! WHEN WILL THEY START ON IT, SIR?

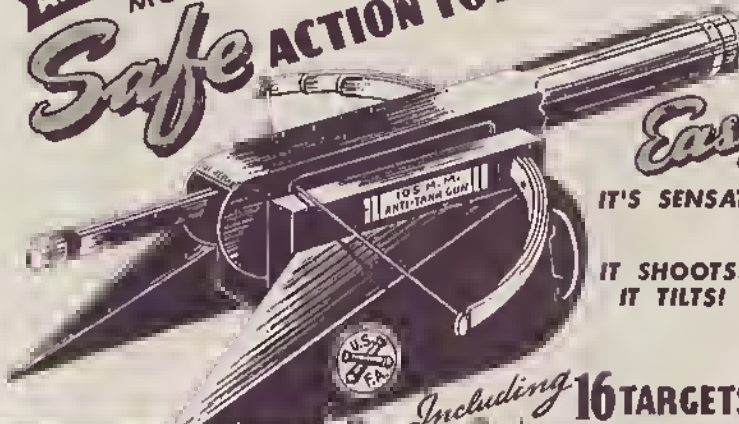


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